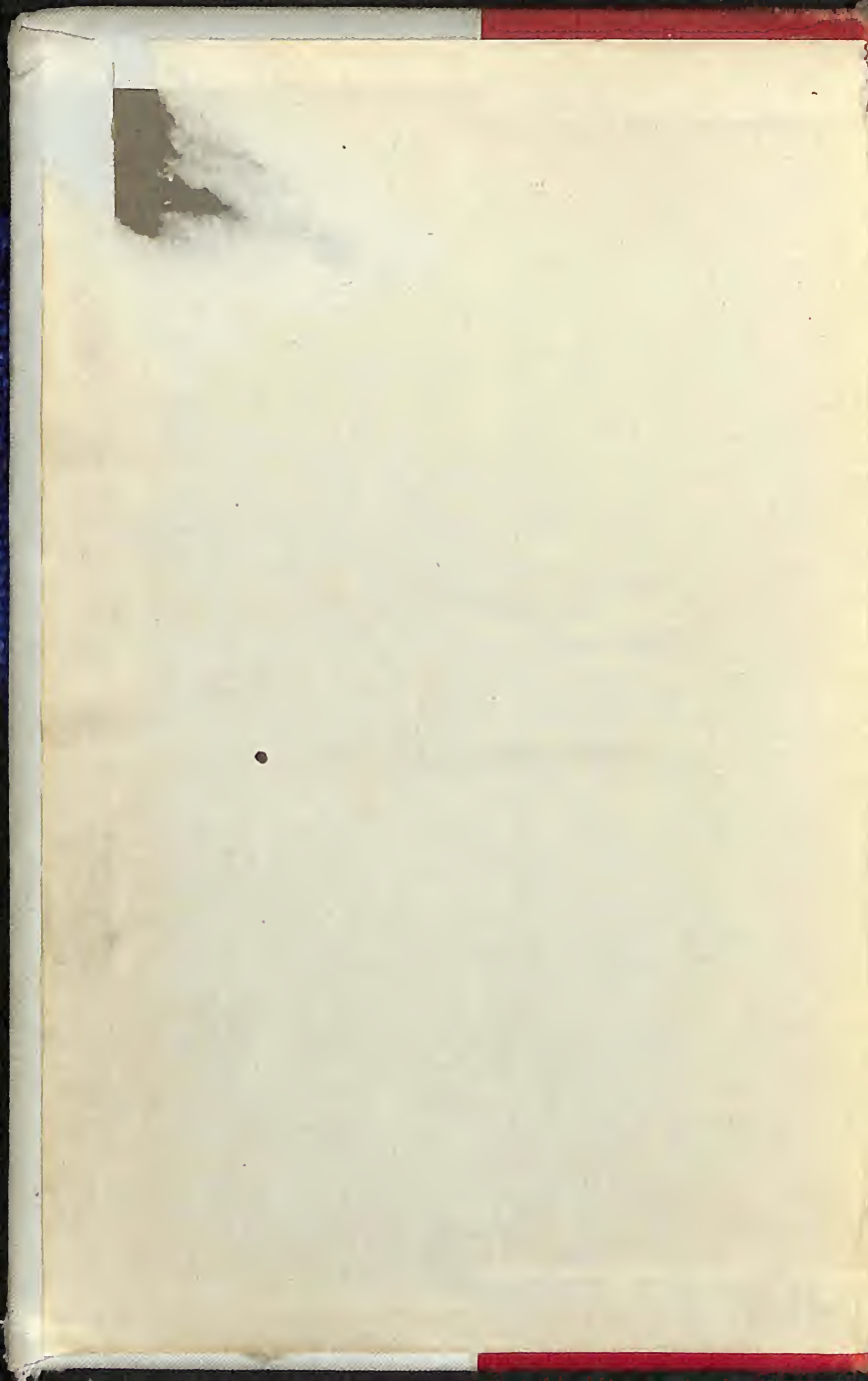


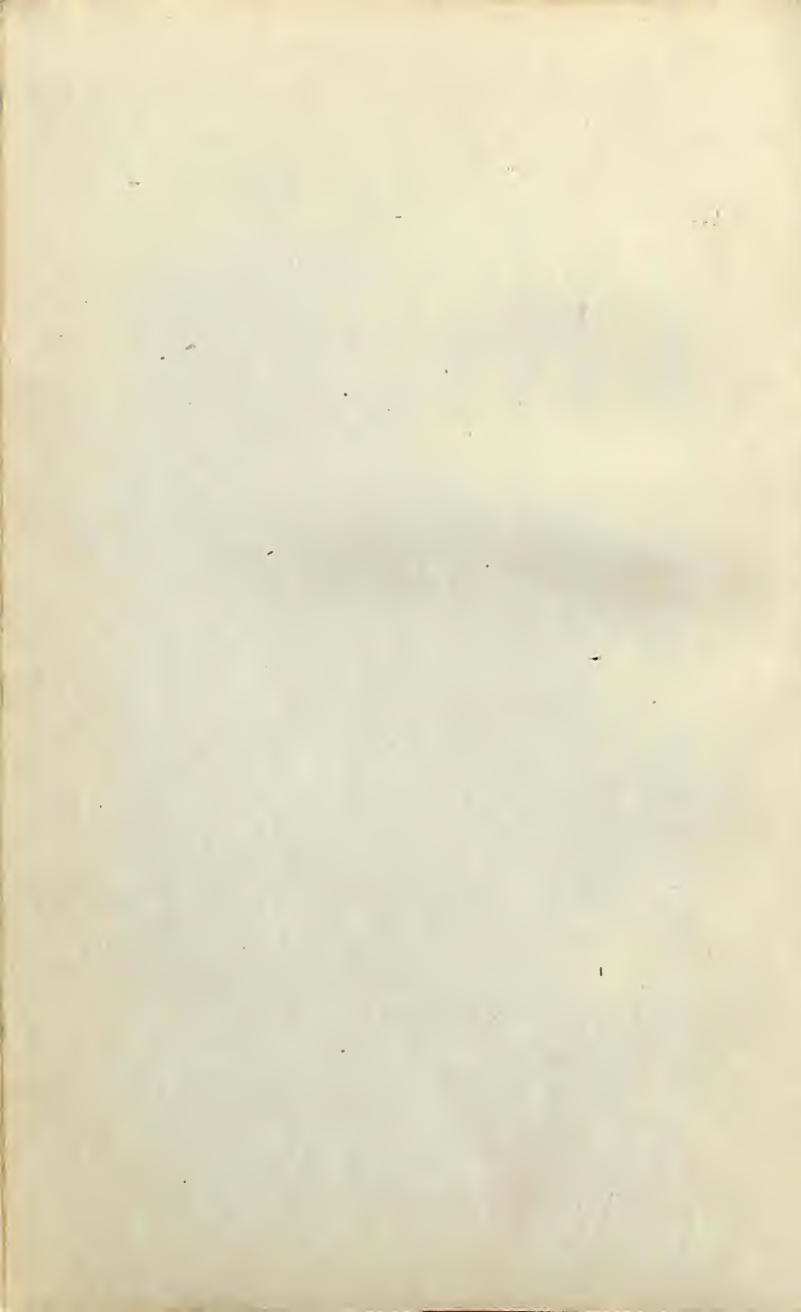
DIARY OF
A TRIP
TO ROME



With kindest wishes,
from
Jean Brown.















Ruins of the Roman Forum.

DIARY
of
A TRIP TO ROME

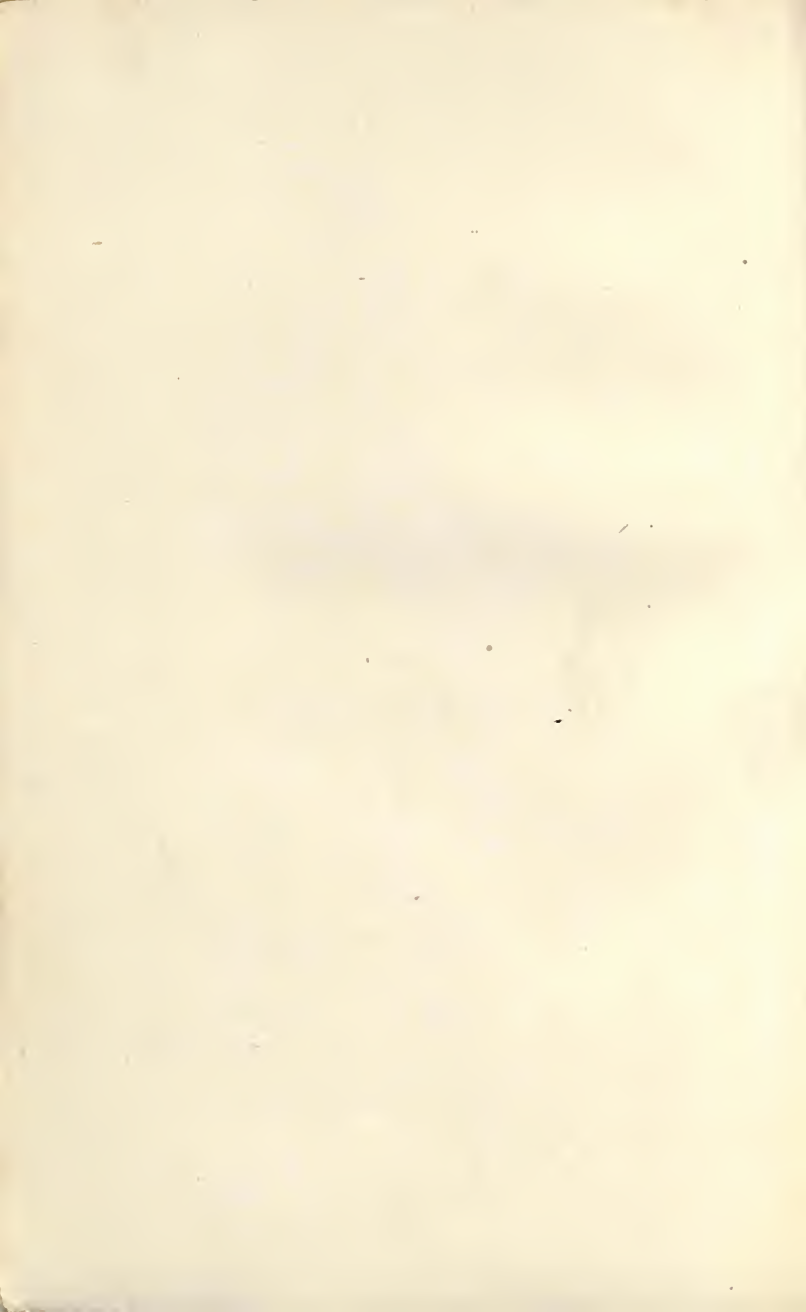
George W. Middleton, M.D.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



SALT LAKE CITY
THE DESERET NEWS
1908

Introduction.

From my earliest childhood I always had a great desire to go to Rome, and when the opportunity really came, I attempted to reach my friends with an account of the impressions that came to me, by sending homeward duplicate copies of my diary. The following pages are a verbatim report of those letters, which are compiled just as they were jotted down each night in hotel or tavern after the day's experiences. Much improvement in diction and syntax could, no doubt, be made by deliberate transcription, but the desire I have is that my friends shall bear with the solecisms and read the accounts as they were penned while everything was fresh in memory. To my esteemed friend and companion, Dr. S. H. Allen, I am indebted for the kodak pictures, and the letter from Cardiff, Wales, which ends the series.



Diary of a Trip to Rome.

Over the Ocean.

On Board The Steamship Canopic,
Nov. 17, 1906.

The day begins beautiful and bright, there is not a cloud on all the horizon. The breeze is crisp and cold. As we stand at dock in the North Charles river the Bunker Hill monument looms above all the houses. It is one of the gigantic landmarks of that herculean struggle that shook from our colonies the hand of the tyrant. As the clock indicated 10:50 a. m. our crew pulled in anchor and we began to move. Our great ship Canopic rides lightly on the waves and we feel very little commotion. The Boston Bay is but a narrow strip of water. It is picturesque with promontories probably of volcanic origin that rise above the water. Our pilot was aboard only about a half hour when the little tug Juna came bounding over the waves and took in a rope ladder from over our bulwark and the pilot climbed down and took his departure. Little by little the land faded in the distance, and now we are surrounded on every side by the horizon of blue with

the dome of blue above. Luncheon was served at 1:30, and coffee and sandwiches on the deck at 5 p. m. It still continues pleasant and the sea is like glass. Over the horizon come white sails



Grave of John Brown, Harper's Ferry, Maryland.

hour by hour and back over the rim of waters again they drop out of sight. We are rocked with the swell of the ocean. The sun descends like a great ball of fire into the western horizon.

Not a speck of a cloud has appeared through the whole day, and we expect the weather will continue fair. We made a number of very interesting acquaintances and sat up late in the smoking room discussing various phases of science and sociology.

Nov. 18.

The sea was quiet all night and we were rocked gently by the Great Mother and slept as peaceful as children. The sun rose clear straight ahead and our early morning course lay in the path of gold toward the ascending sun. Nothing but the blue waves below and the blue dome above all the day. Our ship glides gently still though there are clouds low on the western horizon, and we may have storms ahead. From a very interesting conversation with a gentleman from Boston I was aroused at mid-day by a deafening roar of the whistle and a rapid ringing of bells, and my heart palpitated with the thought that something had happened. We rushed out on deck only to find that it was the announcement of twelve o'clock.

The passengers are very interesting, and we have made a number of acquaintances who have told us things of importance, each in his own line of thought. We carry sixteen hundred steerage passengers, sixty second cabin and one-

hundred and three saloon cabin. We carry fourteen thousand bushels of wheat, three hundred tons of provisions, thirty-one hundred bales of cotton, one hundred tons of asbestos, four refrigerators of fresh beef, and a quantity of various merchandise. The Italians of the forward and stern decks keep us entertained with songs, and we hear frequently their vociferous laughter.

Nov. 19.

The mists were hanging about the horizon when we woke up this morning and all day clouds have obscured the sky. Not once have we seen the sun, but the sea is not particularly high, and the commotion is not great. Our dining room is all aglow with beautiful flowers, provided mostly by wealthy passengers. We meet many intelligent people and the time passes by very agreeably. We are reading Bædecker's description of Rome to prepare ourselves for the sights we expect to see. Our course so far has been due east and the chart indicates 320 miles yesterday, and 352 today. The Canopic is a very large vessel and carries at this time the largest cargo that ever went into the Mediterranean. From bow to stern the distance is 600 feet, and from side to side 45 feet. The Italians of the steerage deck keep up a continuous noise. They sing some kind of round that is taken up in or-

der, and one after another repeats the refrain with painful monotony. We are nearing the Gulf Stream and the temperature is raised considerably higher than yesterday. Gulls are following in our wake to pick up the refuse of the kitchen. They light on the water to rest by times and wheel in groups around the path of spray we leave in the rear. The passengers are amusing themselves at various games on deck, and some of the more sedentary at reading and playing cards in the library. We meet many Bostonians who are very proud of their great men of letters, and their personal recollections of Emerson and Doctor Holmes are very entertaining. One of our neighbors at the table is a man who has followed the whaling business from his boyhood, and his stories of Arctic waters and Esquimaux are very amusing. We have not sighted a sail since day before yesterday. We see only water, bounded by mists with a dome of clouds above.

Nov. 20.

We have buffeted the waves all day. A heavy gale from the rear has kept the sea in great commotion. The sight is grand and imposing. The billows roll like hills, and break on the surface into spray shaded in color from deepest blue to immaculate white. Our prow points by times for the half ascended moon and the next moment

takes a slanting aim at the bottom of the ocean. As far as the eye can reach are the white-crested, raging waves. I have felt seasick, but not very bad. Sometimes it seems that our ship would lie down on her side. In the dining room racks are put on the table for the first time today to hold the dishes from rolling off. About the mid-afternoon we sighted a small tramp steamer straight ahead in our course. She veered a little to the right and passed within two hundred yards of us. She is making a brave fight with the waves, and seemed to cut a path right through the water. At every lunge she dipped under and we saw the spray roll off her rear whenever she raised on the crest of the wave. The seamen and stew-ardesses seem utterly indifferent, so I guess we need not fear, though I confess the oncoming night in the storm makes me feel more nervous than when we have the daylight before us.

We spent the evening until eleven o'clock in the lounge in a lively discussion on various themes. There were the Rev. Mr. Emrick of the Home Mission Society of Boston, Doctor Henry of the Catholic Church and Doctors Allen and Middleton of the Mormon Church, and a number of others of various associations. They are all warm in their support of Senator Smoot, and think it an outrage to try to put him out of the Senate.

Nov. 21.

We had a restless night. The sea ran high and we were tossed to and fro at the caprice of the wind. I did not sleep very much in the commotion. But conditions are much better this morning. The wind has abated much and the anger of the waves is subsiding. Our chart reads 321 miles since yesterday and we will reach the Azores some time tomorrow or tomorrow night. Many of the passengers look serious, and the tables are not nearly so well filled as they were before the storm.

The grandeur of the sea in commotion is beyond description. The waves are ferocious as they chase each other, and when they break in spray as white as snow you see all tints of blue ending in inky black at the base. Today we are in the Gulf Stream, as indicated by floating seaweed and the much modified temperature. We are aiming to avoid the Sargasso Sea, which is the eddy of the Gulf Stream where all the seaweed and debris is gathered in a heap and would clog our propellers. Fragments of a rainbow have adorned the eastern horizon at various times to day, and now at 4 p. m. it is raining. A worthless process of nature it seems to pour water back from the clouds into the sea, but I suppose the law of evaporation and precipitation must be a universal law. The gulls are hovering around

our pathway still. Some of the huge forms of life inhabit these waters, but there is no evidence of ordinary fish. Some dolphins were seen yesterday, but we have not seen a single whale.

Azores.

Nov. 22.

The boat is rocking and my head is swimming. All day we have had a gentle side motion, though the wind is nothing to compare with what it was a day or two ago. At six this evening we



High street, Ponta Delgada, Azores.

passed the first island of the Azores and about noon tomorrow we expect to land on the island farthest east. The Azores are volcanic islands belonging to Portugal. The population is 258,000; products, pineapples, oranges, the cereals, and whale bone. Many volcanic eruptions and earthquakes are reported since the discovery of the archipelago in 1439. The island we saw this evening is evidently the apex of a volcanic mountain, as it stands high above the water. It is said to be verdant the year round, but the mists hang so heavy on it tonight that we could not see definitely the surface. We will land for a short time tomorrow at San Maguiel, and then sail two days more to Gibraltar. We spent the days reading, parading the decks and discussing things in general. The passengers are indulging in a company song up in the lounge. I hear the refrain of "The Star Spangled Banner" and other familiar songs as I write.

Nov. 23.

I was very seasick last evening and this morning, but our little rest on shore has completely restored me, and the sea seems more calm since we came out of port. At two o'clock p. m. we pulled in behind the breakwater of Ponta Del Gada of the island of San Maguiel, and the captain gave us an hour and a half to go ashore. A



Purchasing a pine apple in a quiet street, Povo da Moura, Azores.

stairway was lowered down the side of the ship, and boats manned by the native oarsmen came and took us to the wharf. The town has about twenty thousand inhabitants of Portuguese descent. The streets are very narrow, but they are beautifully paved, the sidewalks being laid with neat mosaics of black and white stone in pretty designs. The people are polite and courteous.

They mostly go barefooted, but they look clean. Their means of transportation are by horses, mules and oxen. Three little mules abreast is the favorite carriage team. We saw oxen with the yoke fastened just behind their horns, driven by big barefooted men with beards. They all speak Portuguese, but some of them know a few English words. The children ran after us shouting money, money, expecting us to give them small coins. We bought pineapples from the street venders, and they are without doubt the most luscious fruit in the world. The taste of them cured my seasickness right away.

Catholic churches are at every corner as in all Catholic countries, and we saw a number of the priests in canonical robes standing in the streets. Through the open windows we saw families in their homes, and their domestic arrangements indicate comfort and convenience. Through one long, narrow, sinuous street we walked a considerable distance to a beautiful garden where all kinds of ornamental trees and shrubs are laid out in artistic design. The boatmen who came out to take us ashore are a very loquacious lot, poorly clad and with bare feet. They charge fifty cents for the return trip and as much more as they can beg from you. They handle their boats with wonderful skill, and chatter away among themselves like mag-

pies. We left a large number of our steerage passengers at this island.

We are out again on the high sea with two days' sail before we reach Gibraltar, where we can post letters home.

Nov. 24.

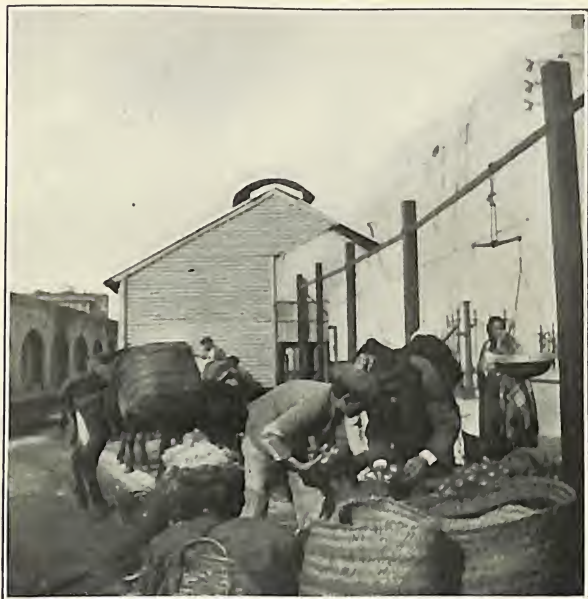
We have sailed all day over seas that are not rough, though the wind has been blowing from the west. My visit to the Azores has completely cured me of seasickness. We have not seen a sail today. I have enjoyed very much the talks we have with these Bostonians. They are familiar with the families of Emerson and Longfellow and Hawthorne and all the noted men of which New England boasts. They speak of these people as their neighbors and friends. I fear we see only the bright side of their lives through their literature and know nothing of the scenes behind the curtains. It pains us who have admired Doctor Holmes so much to learn that he was a very small man with very much conceit, and to hear of Hawthorne that he had a cold and distant manner, but such seems to be the verdict of the people of their acquaintance.

Gibraltar to Naples.

Nov. 26, 1906.

The first sight this morning was land to the left on the coast of Spain. Slowly we approached nearer to the coast and the land on the African side began to come in sight. Around this locality clusters much of the world's most tragic history. Cape Trafalgar, bounding on the north the bay of the same name, is the scene of the great sea fight where Lord Nelson unfurled his banner with the memorable motto, "England expects this day that every man will do his duty." Here Lord Nelson fell with a mortal wound in the very hour of his great victory. Farther around the coast toward Gibraltar is the old Moorish town Tariffe, from which we get our trade word, "tariff," from the custom of the people who lived there in olden times preying upon the merchant ships that passed that way and levying an *advallorem* duty on the goods they carried. As we approached the pillars of Hercules the strait narrows up, but is in no place less than twelve miles in width, much to the contrary of my previous conception of it. Our steward came in and said, excitedly, "Gib's in sight," and we all hastened around to the port side to take the first look at the great fortress. Gibraltar is a rock promon-

tory 1430 feet high. It lacks very little of being an island, as the neck of ground that connects it to the Spanish coast is narrow and but slightly elevated above the sea level. We were allowed five



A market place in Gibraltar. A Moorish woman appears near the wall.

hours ashore, and they were turned to the very best advantage. Doctor Allen and I hired a young Spaniard for a guide and went by preference

afoot on a peaceful reconnoitre of the town and fortress. We first went through part of the market. The motley collection of people is the thing of greatest novelty. You see the pale-faced Englishman jostling up against the swarthy Spaniard, the bronzed Moor, with his turban and his big bare legs, Negroes, Chinamen, Greeks, and Italians all mingle in the narrow streets and busy marts. The Moor is the most interesting of them all. He is tall, dignified, intelligent-looking, and wears a beard that makes him look patriarchal. The Spaniards dress like English people, but look rather degenerate. Including the garrison, there are about eight thousand people in the town. We had a military escort through the burrows winding around the rocks to many of the chambers used formerly as forts, but invention of the long range guns has made the higher elevations necessary, and these lower works are abandoned, except as passages to reach the ramparts above. The whole rock is burrowed with caverns and presents apertures through which has been discharged many deadly missiles in the days of the active sieges. Twelve times has this great fortress been beleaguered, and many times has it changed hands. The Moors in the days of their supremacy erected a castle high up on the rock, and it is still preserved as a civilian prison. Wild monkeys clamber over the cliffs, and are protected

from harm by the soldiers. The flora is abundant and varied, and embraces eucalyptus, pepper trees, palms, and bananas, and a most beautiful flowering plant, well known to the medical profession as bitter aloes.

The name Gibraltar originated from the early Moors. Gibel-al-Tarik was the name of the lieutenant of Musa who made the first expedition of conquest into Spain in the year 711 A. D. The fanatical Mohammedans were proselyting with the sword, and had a design of encircling the Mediterranean, but their onward march was abruptly arrested in the year 733 by Charles Martel in the battle of Tours. Turning back to the balmy Andalusian plains of southern Spain they took up their abode and inaugurated a civilization that was very wonderful for that age. They invented the first clocks, the science of algebra was first collated by them, and the science of trigonometry was purely an Arabic invention. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our chemistry, and the product of their looms filled western Europe with royal fabrics. The schools of Toledo and Cordova attracted many students from the Christian nations north, and they were the torch-bearers of civilization. They were the first to compute the circumference of the earth by measuring a quadrand, or rather a degree of the great circle.

The Moors held Spain until about the date of the discovery of America, when they were forcibly expelled by the armies of the same Ferdinand and Isabella who fitted out the expedition for Columbus. They went back to Africa still keeping the keys of their houses to be handed down from sire to son until the great Alla shall again give them possession of their beautiful Andalusia.

On the African side of the strait Apes Hill forms the other pillar of Hercules opposing Gibraltar. The importance of this fortress becomes less as the inventions in warships and heavy ordnance advance. We returned to our ship Canopic as the twilight closed, well satisfied with the sights of the day. The lights all up the face of the hill formed a beautiful spectacle as we pulled through the Strait and committed ourselves to the Mediterranean.

This has been a most beautiful day of warm sunshine. The sea has been like a mirror of glass, and the ship has been as steady as the boats on the Hudson. We have been reading and conversing and parading the decks. The setting sun was a most imposing spectacle, and rivals the glorious sunsets of Great Salt Lake. The evening mists subdued the heat so that one could look directly at the great ball of fire as it sank over the watery horizon. The clouds gave the

usual play of brilliant colors from rose through purple to brightest gold, and the path on the water was most beautiful. Our Italian steerage people have announced the passage of a school of dolphins at many different times today by their shouts and hilarity. It is now 10:30 p. m., and the wind is raising, though we are in hopes of good weather until we reach port, Thursday.

Naples.

Nov. 27.

The day began beautiful and fair, and the placid surface of blue below met at the horizon with the concave dome of blue above. Early in the forenoon the main land of Italy appeared to the left, and hour by hour we sighted different promontories until we reached the beautiful bay of Naples and saw straight ahead the smoking cone of Mount Vesuvius. We cleared dock, and through the advice of friends took up our abode at the Hoel Vesuve. The picture of squalor and filth we encountered in the streets is pitiful, though it is interesting. Little half-starved children, born with the very instinct of the beggar, assailed us from every quarter. Porters and cabmen stick on like glue, and it is difficult at times to get rid of them. In these ancient civilizations the process of centralizing of wealth has gone on for so many centuries that a few have gained possession of all the property, and the rest are left desolate. The mendicant spirit and the predilection for theft are born of hunger and want, and it is difficult to see how it will ever be otherwise in this locality. I think if I were the victim of such a social system, I should be not socialist but anarchist.

The good hotels in Naples are clean and well kept, and their dining room service is better than anything I have ever seen in America. The streets are full of venders of everything in heav-



A street in Naples.

ens and earth. We have been approached with a man who wanted to sell us a handful of the scoria that fell from Vesuvius, which he picked from a bank while we looked at him, where there

were millions of tons of it. At every turn there are persons ready to force services upon you for which they expect compensation. Street locomotion is mostly by cabs which are ubiquitous in their distribution. One can go to any part of the city for one lyrie, which is something more than nineteen cents, but less than twenty. Itinerant musicians throng the hotels, and render all the popular airs in plaintive tones that tell too well of the aching hearts that prompt them. Just as I write, I hear one of those sweet, sad songs floating on the breeze from the beautiful bay by whose margin weary steps are always marching.

Every inch of the ground of Naples is of historic significance. Not a hundred yards from our hotel is the castle Dovo, which stands on an island in the bay, and is now used as a prison. On this same island there occurred a meeting of Cicero and Brutus after the murder of Caesar, more than two thousand years ago. The beautiful crescentic bay, with the fine elevations in every direction culminating in the great cone of Vesuvius forms a landscape very imposing. The climate is much like lower California, and the trees and shrubbery are much the same. Oranges and lemons thrive, but the quality is not good. Grapes and the fermented product of the vine are staple articles for export trade, but the manufacture of macaroni from wheat and corn seems to

be the chief industry. Garden farms in the environs of Naples produce all the culinary vegetables, and street venders with the most extraordinary teams imaginable hawk them through the streets. For one of these teams I saw today a large bony horse with a very small mule on one side and a microscopic donkey on the other.

Pompeii.

Nov. 30.

The emotions that have worked in my heart today have actuated a great desire to reach all my friends with the story of Pompeii. I know not where to begin the summary which deals with matters so vast as the complete record of Roman civilization shortly after the advent of the Savior. It cannot all be told on paper, though enough may be said to indicate something of its great significance.

Pompeii was a city of from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants. Like all the other possessions of Greece, of which it was the part of an early colony, it passed into the hands of Rome, and in its ruins shows the transition from the Hellenic to the Latin architecture.

Eruptions of Mount Vesuvius were recorded by Strabo from a very ancient date, but at the time of the great catastrophe it had been quiescent so long that the people had forgotten that it ever had been dangerous. In the year 63 A. D. a great earthquake did much damage to many of the towns around the base of this historic volcano, and Pompeii suffered greatly from the shock. She was nearly completing her re-erection in all the glory of Greek and Italian archi-

tructure when the final catastrophe of August 24, A. D. 79, overtook her and buried her walls with all their precious contents, under fifteen feet of pumice stone and volcanic ashes. Most of the in-



A street in Pompeii, showing how pavement was worn by chariot wheels.

habitants escaped, but the excavators have discovered the bodies of about five hundred victims in various situations. There is little doubt that

the town was ransacked as soon as the ashes were cool, and such values as could be readily found among the debris were taken away. Time leveled the ground, and grass and trees grew over the silent abode of the slumbering city, which remained undisturbed through all the ages of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and handed its record down in a perfect state of preservation to our present generation. Some little excavating was done as early as 1748, but the real systematic work was not begun until 1860.

The city was built in the form of an ellipse with two principal streets in each cardinal direction, crossing at right angles, and many little streets laid out in proper order. Pavement covered both streets and sidewalks, and fountains of water were distributed at frequent intervals along them. The Pompeians had a complete water system, many of the lead pipes being still intact. The chariot wheels have worn deep trenches in the lava pavement, and the stone curbing of the public fountains has all the edges rounded off by the wear of hands as pedestrians have leaned down to quench their thirst.

Notices are painted in red letters on the walls of houses, just as we post bills. They generally indicate candidates for municipal offices. The houses are built of concrete and brick, which was covered over with plaster made from marble

dust. Doric, Ionic and Corinthian columns were covered with stucco of the same plaster that lined the houses, and must have been a perfect imitation of real marble. The style of the patrician



In the old meat market, Pompeii.

home was elegant. The door from the street opened into a large rectangular vestibule, which had no roof over its centre, in which was a nice little fountain and tables that contained vases of

owers. From this vestibule on either side opened doors that led to the bed chambers. These rooms had fine mural paintings and beautiful mosaic floors. Leading backward from the vestibule a door opened into the family dining hall, and still on farther back another large rectangular opening was known as the peristylum. It was really a beautiful flower garden with sculptured miniatures on pedestals, and mural paintings of fine design. Great Grecian columns surrounded this court, and the flowers that grew in the square are indicated by pictures of them on the walls, so that it has been possible to reproduce the gardens identically as they were in the days of their tenants, when those fine patrician houses were in all their glory. Many of the fine pictures on the walls are preserved intact, especially in the houses that have been most recently excavated. Temples galore give evidence of the religious instinct of the people. There are temples of Jupiter, of Appolos, of Pan, and all the other gods, but the most interesting of all is the temple of Isis, which figures so prominently in Lord Lytton's great story "Last Days of Pompeii." The statue of the goddess was found intact with a head that moved on a pivot. The priest was concealed behind the altar, and moved this head and talked, and the credulous multitude were sure it was the goddess speaking. The sign of an apothecary shop was two serpents

reaching for something on an altar, from the supposition that the serpent was sacred to Aesculapius, the father of medical science. This sign was painted on the outside wall, and no other in-



Ruins of the Forum, Pompeii.

scription was necessary. The serpent is also painted beneath the tutelary gods of every household from the idea that it is an animal sacred to Deity.

The Forum is a large rectangular space in

the center of the city, surrounded by Corinthian columns, and dotted by crumbling pedestals, on which stood marble images of men and gods. This was the public market place, and in an adjoining house there is a great collection of stone weights and balances used by grocers in dispensing their wares. Close by the Forum is the Basilica or Hall of Justice, where the judges rendered their decisions. A prison with iron gratings is well preserved under the judgment seat. The baker used to grind his own flour for making bread, and millstones were turned by slaves, who directed their force in a rotary method in the style of the modern horse power. The millstones and the bake oven are standing side by side just as they were left two thousand years ago. Wine merchants kept their wine in earthen vessels imbedded in the walls to keep their contents cool. From the number of their shops traffic in wines must have given employment to many people. There are a number of public baths well equipped with hot and cold water and every convenience. Two large theatres have been uncovered in the eastern part of the city, and the arrangement of stage and seating was much the same as in our modern theater. The house of Glaucus, with the sign "Beware of the Dog," is another well preserved structure which figured in the great story of Lord Lytton.

About five hundred bodies have been found in the excavations up to the present time. When the flesh decayed, the space in the hardened ashes had become so firm that the cavity remained intact, and by filling these cavities with plaster of Paris and allowing it to harden before removing it a perfect model of the body is obtained. The



This is the house of Glaucus that figures in Lord Lytton's great story, "Last Days of Pompeii."

features come out real as life, and the impressions that indicated the clothing add to the cast the full suit of raiment.

Of household furnishings, there is hardly a thing in use at the present time that was not known to those people. Cookstoves with all their utensils, glassware in every shape and form and quantity, vessels of iron and lead and copper. The bread from the ovens looks quite palatable, though it was a little charred from the excessive heat. Lamps and knives and spoons of artistic design, silver and gold jewelry, and coins and precious stones.

The statuary has been collected in the museum, and there are many classic productions that have no equal from the hands of modern sculptors. The Farnese Bull, the Wounded Gladiator, the Fawn and Dolphin, are among the subjects collected, but the list, if written complete would be tedious with its length. Toys for children and tickets for the theaters have been found. Thus far only about two-thirds of the city have been excavated. No doubt rich treasures are yet in store. The government seems to be taking their leisure about it, but the work goes steadily on.

Truly this is a story out of the dust, and words fail me in an attempt to describe it. The mind of man has no doubt been much the same in all ages, but his environment has marked him as

that we throw around ourselves the great heart humanity beats pretty much the same in all times and all places. The kaliedoscope of time makes the grand sweep of the ages and wheels into existence new men and new institutions, each on a a barbarian or a rational being. Beneath these artificial barriers of cast and creed and nation plane morally and mentally a little higher than



Among the ruins of Pompeii.

the one that precedes. Surely God is leading us toward some grand climax in the future. Over and above the fantastic will of man, over and above the decrees of nations there is an Allwise Power. Let us learn, then, by the futile experiences of others that the duty of the hour is to learn, by lowly listening, the mind and will of God and to bring ourselves into harmony with His eternal purposes.

Pozzuoli.

Dec. 2.

The mendicant spirit of these southern Italians is very amusing. Every object of possible interest to the tourist is guarded by some forlorn man or woman, and a gratuitous contribution demanded. Menial services even to the wiping of the dust from your shoes are forced upon you against your will. Cabmen will follow you for blocks trying to persuade you to ride with them. Venders of coral and tortoise shell are not to be shook off by any amount of refusal. They all look at the foreigner as a pack of wolves look at a defenseless lamb. But their politeness is beautiful. A lady of our party threw down a copper coin to a little raggamuffin boy, and he followed us for a full block bowing and taking off his hat to her.

Today we went by cab to the ancient town of Pozzuoli, about five miles from Naples around the bay westward. Pozzuoli was once a very populous city. In the days of the Caesars it was the principal seaport of Italy, but the devastation of volcanoes has destroyed its glory, and it is now only a town of two or three thousand people, who are in the last stage of social disintegration, like the ruins they inhabit. This whole southern Italy

is volcanic. The greater part of the land has come out of these ancient craters, many of which are still smouldering. The story of Pompeii is the story of countless other towns of less proportion which are buried under the tufa and lava to preserve their records for ages yet unborn. The craters of extinct volcanoes formed lakes in the bygone ages, but modern methods of drainage have reclaimed them for agricultural purposes, and they are now covered with fertile farms. Lake Agnano, near Naples, was drained only forty years ago. The ruins of a villa of Caesar Augustus are to be seen on the hill which was formerly the shore of a beautiful lake. Solfatara is another of these craters not yet extinct, but quiescent for the present except for escape of gas and steam at diverse places. As we went through the crater, mendicant sons of Atalia threw stones on the ground to show us that it was hollow, and then held out their caps for money. Others ran and wiped the volcanic dust from our shoes as we got into our cab, and made their supplicating demand for coppers.

Pozzuoli is noted as being one of the places where Saint Paul landed on his pilgrimage to Rome. The landing, however, was at a village named Bagnoli, hard by the way to the city. The amphitheater of Pozzuoli is next only in size to the great Colosseum at Rome. Its architec-

ture shows the transition from the Greek to the Roman methods, which fixes its date near the beginning of the Christian era. The history of this amphitheatre is not known. It is an immense elliptical building with the lower row of seats for patricians, indicated by the bull, the next row for the middle classes, indicated by the goat, the upper row for the low classes, indicated by the swine. These were the insignia of their classification. Under the great floor were rooms for the various animals, with doors for their entrance into the arena. Massive Corinthian columns lay crumbling in the dust of the arena. Like the barbarous institutions commemorated they are gone from the earth forever. In a cell of this amphitheater Saint Januarius was tortured and beheaded, and the priests of Naples keep for talismen bottles of his blood. They say that if this blood does not liquify and recongeal at three certain periods of the year, calamities are portending.

Not far from the amphitheatre is the Temple of Serapis, of Grecian origin, before the Romans. It must have been a grand structure from the gigantic fluted marble columns that lay crumbling on the ground. From a geological standpoint this temple is of great interest. By the subsidence of the land it became submerged to the depth of fifteen feet, and the columns that

are still standing show marks of the erosion of waves high on their sides. The urchins of the sea bored holes in the marble, and the fierce storms ground off the fine fluting. The land began to rise again, and the base of the temple is now within three or four feet of sea level.

Our return drive was partly over the famous Appian Way. We followed along the water's edge where we got a commanding view of the beautiful bay of Naples, with its fine historic islands and promontories. In this bay the fleet of the Romans lay under the command of the older Pliny, at the time of the disaster of Pompeii. Pliny hastened with the fleet to the rescue and lost his life in the effort to save others.

Rome.

Dec. 3.

Last evening Doctor Allen and I made our advance on Rome, arriving with the midnight train and taking up our quarters at the Hotel Minerva in the heart of the city. Our first visit this morning was to the Pantheon, where we saw the grave of Raphael. This immense structure was one of the heathen temples, built by Agrippa, but remodeled by Hadrian not long after the beginning of the Christian era. The dome which is 142 feet high, and the same width, is supported only at its periphery, and makes a grand sight from within. A few sculptured pieces occupy the niches, but the Madonna by Lorenzetto, done in fulfilment of the last will of Raphael, is the only thing of real merit.

In the church Santa Maria Minerva across the street from the Pantheon, is a notable statue of Christ bearing His cross, by Michael Angelo. It is a strange tribute to the genius of this artist that he could so change a block of marble from the quarry that hundreds have come to kiss the toe of it, so that it became necessary to add a new foot recently to compensate for the pedal appendage worn away by the lips of ardent devo-



East side of the Coliseum, Rome.

tees. This afternoon we crossed the Tiber and hired a guide to assist us in a preliminary view of Saint Peters. This gigantic structure looks big enough to make the earth sink under it. The site of this great temple is the place where St. Peter is said to be buried, and also the place of the temple of Nero, in the old pagan days. The modern building was constructed in the sixteenth century, and was designed mostly by the great architect and sculptor Michael Angelo, though

many other men of note aided in the execution of his plans. It is by far the largest and most imposing cathedral in the world, measuring 696 feet long, by 450 feet wide, and 440 feet high to the top of the dome. Figures are absolutely without meaning in speaking of such a structure, and one has to see it before he can form any idea of the magnitude. The interior presents so many things of interest that a mere catalogue of them would be tedious. The painter's brush has not been known in Saint Peter's. The pictures are all mosaic copies of pictures that are on exhibition at other churches. The Transfiguration, by Raphael, is a grand thing. Among the group at the foot of the mount is plainly to be seen the female form of the lady who was Raphael's lover, and this particular countenance is said to occur in all of his pictures, which shows that the source of a man's ideals is in his emotions, and that love is the inspiration of the best effort. Near the entrance of the nave is a bronze statue of Saint Peter, said to be a converted statue of Jupiter, which has undergone the fate of many other statues in this Catholic country, and has had one foot kissed away and part of another. A marble Madonna, by Michael Angelo, when seventeen years old, is regarded to be one of the best things in the collection. A mother and daughter of the famous Farnese family, designed by Michael An-

gelo, and executed by one of his pupils, is very good. Many graves of popes are in the niches. The whole massive ceiling is gilded with pure gold, which has remained untarnished through the centuries since the building was erected. In a little declivity under the great dome they show you a small casket that is said to contain parts of the bodies of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and they claim that several others of the apostles are buried there. A pillar of marble in one chapel is said to be the one to which Christ was tied when they scourged Him in Pilate's judgment hall. Now, whether these things are true or not true, I cannot see that it matters much. There could be no possible virtue in the piece of the cross they claim to have in one of the caskets, after it had served its purpose of the crucifixion. The bones of dead men, be they ever so holy, can have no function in this probation, after the immortal spirit has abandoned them. The worship of dead men's bones is as purely a fettich as the worship of images of wood and stone. The two things are identical in principle. But I have not said that the Catholics worship these things; I only said that they have them in a location that indicates the possibility of worship. The great dome and the many small domes are all beautiful in their design, and each contains mosaics of grace and beauty.

One turns away from this great architectural pile with a feeling of awe and admiration for the master minds that carried it into execution, and a conviction that the religious instinct in man, whether rightly or wrongly directed, is by far the greatest and most potent emotion of his life.

Dec. 4.

We began the day with an ascent to the spire of the great cathedral (St. Peters), from which we got a commanding view of the city—Rome, the Eternal City, that sat upon her seven hills and ruled the world. The yellow Tiber stretched its sinuous course out toward the sea. With this turbid flood has been mingled more of the blood and tears of men than with any other river known to history. In the dim distance we could see the outline of the Coliseum, and the far-famed church St. John of Lateran. The once populous Campagna stretched its greensward from the Alban Hills to the sea. The ruins of imperial Rome were seen dimly in perspective. A hundred churches lift their domes in various parts of the city. The church business is by far the most flourishing industry of Rome. I fear from the class of people we meet on the streets that it makes fat priests and lean parishoners. Something is surely wrong in a social system that breeds so many mendicants. The old spirit of Rome has

vanished with her crumbling edifices, and this modern spawn of the earth has spread itself like a fungus over the ruins to turn to merchandise the remnant that is left of them.

Coming down to the Vatican, our guide began a systematic explanation of the various art galleries that are open to the public. The Logge of Raphael first had our attention. This great artist and his pupils have filled many capacious chambers with their fine paintings. Fornorina, the lover of Raphael, shows her countenance somewhere in every one of his great masterpieces. Evidently she was the constant companion of his thoughts and the inspiration of his work. The list of these great productions would be tedious to read without a knowledge of their composition and location. I shall just mention a few that impressed me most. The Madonna Di Foligna is one of rare beauty and sweetness of expression. It is said to rival the famous Sistine Madonna from the same artist, but which is now in Dresden. The Transfiguration is a great production, a copy of which is worked out in mosaic in St. Peters, and is one of the finest things there. The Battle of Constantine with Maxentium is one of his grand coups, covering a whole wall of the room in which it appears. This subject is finely wrought up, and looks almost as fresh as when it was finished, more than three hundred years ago.

The Liberation of Peter is considered one of Raphael's masterpieces, but the light is unfortunately placed, and you do not get the full effect of it. An old Catholic tradition about opening the coffin of the virgin Mary and finding, not her body, but a new growth of flowers, was worked up by Raphael and by Perugino, his teacher, separately, and you have a good chance to compare the master and his talented pupil. Needless to say the work of the genius is easy to select when the two are compared.

From the Logge we went to the Sistine Chapel, and I must say that I was a little disappointed. The great Judgment Day Scene of Michael Angelo is the attraction here, and competent art critics rank it with the foremost productions of the world. To my mind it lacks vividness. The outlines are not clear cut, and you seem to look at it through smoked glass. Of course, centuries have rolled away since its production, and the colors are a little dim, and that might account for some of the blurred appearance. Then the theme of the everlasting brimstone fire belongs to a theology that has long passed away, and naturally does not appeal to the emotions. We spent one hour before closure in the museum, and were very loth to leave when the order came for visitors to depart. The collection of Hellenic and the early Roman productions is very com-

plete. To me it is most fascinating. I have never seen anything produced in modern times that bears any comparison to the ancient masterpieces. The countenance, the drapery, and the general ensemble are so different from these modern things. The madonnas and saints of middle and modern ages are but poor imitations of the Venuses and Junos and Jupiters of the classic days of Greece. The expression of these statues is so lifelike that almost you imagine they could speak to you. I will report later some of the subjects in detail.

We got a look over the classic ground of ancient Rome, but will have to await the sunshine of tomorrow to begin a careful examination. The great Colloseum is the glory of Rome's ruins. Easily one could imagine that a race of giants had inhabited the land from the magnitude of the things they produced.

Dec. 5.

We began at an early hour the pursuit of the story of Rome, and have had a day second only to the one at Pompeii for interest. Our guide first took us to the great Roman Forum, which was connected formerly with a number of other fora, most of which are buried under the debris of the decaying city. The Roman Forum was the principal place of business, having a large open court

in the center, which was used as a common market, a basilicon, which was the municipal court of justice, and a temple dedicated to some one or other of the tutelary gods. We saw the place where Julius Caesar was killed, and the rostrum



Ruins of the Roman Forum.

from which Mark Anthony delivered his funeral oration. At the other end of the tribunal was the place where Caësar's body lay in state. An-

other tribunal near by, was the scene of Catalina's great orations. One is stirred with deepest emotion at the thought of what has happened on this memorable ground. The temple of the Vestal Virgins still retains its foundation, though the walls have been demolished long ago. This was the shrine where the sacred fire was always kept burning. There were twelve of these priestesses, and the matron who had them in charge. They were chosen from the leading families of Rome, and were held in high esteem. A beautiful house, joining the temple, was dedicated to their service. They were not married, and their time of servitude was ended when they became thirty-five years of age. The fountains for their baths and the sleeping apartments are still well preserved.

The temple of Castor and Pollux, the mythological brothers who came to the rescue of Rome, is still in a good state of preservation. The fountain for the holy water for the sacrifice, and the altar are almost perfect. To the mind that takes in the grand coup, and explains things according to evidence, and not according to tradition, there is an easy explanation in these ruins for the ritual of the Catholic church. The type of the convent is plainly the home of the Vestal Virgins, and the use of water with the idea that it has gained sanctity from the incantations of the priest was

older than any Christian creed. The association of sculpture work and fine pictures with places of worship is plainly seen in these ruined pagan temples. The burning of incense was also a pagan custom.

From the south end of the Forum we proceeded to the Coliseum, which is not far distant. This is the most imposing ruin in the world. It was built by Titus A. D. 80, and was known by the name Amphitheatrum. Twelve thousand Jew slaves did the construction work in a period of time less than eight years. The building covers thirteen and a half acres of ground, and the wall is over one hundred and fifty feet high. The Vandals of the middle ages carried away a great deal of the material for building purposes, but an architect recently estimated that the market value of the material still on the ground would be two million dollars. I can understand better the persecutions of the early Christians by the Romans, by learning that the first converts were all slaves.

The gladiators that fought there were also slaves. When the Romans conquered a nation, they brought the leading families to Rome and made slaves of them, dividing them up among the patrician families. The most athletic of these were made gladiators, and had a promise of their liberty by gaining certain distinctions in the arena. When this great building was finished, a

tournament lasting a hundred days was celebrated. Three thousand beasts and two hundred and fifty gladiators were killed. When the gladiator entered the arena, he marched up to the emperor's balcony and said, "I salute you before my death." He then turned to the Vestal Virgins who had also a special balcony, and repeated the same thing; when the beasts were turned loose, and he fought for his life. The beasts were kept in chambers below, and starved to make them ferocious. Many Christians perished in the arena, and many other people charged with crimes. God only knows the full story of the tragedies that have been enacted here. The last dying prayer of the Christian martyr was mingled with the shouts of the sanguinary multitude, who watched the spectacle with merciless delight.

We went through an old prison, built by Anco Marcio, in the fourth century B. C., and there is well authenticated proof that this was the place of incarceration of St. Paul, and possibly St. Peter. The pillar to which St. Paul was chained is still in position. The monks of the middle ages invented a story that St. Peter fell against the wall and left the impression of his face. They gave this as the indication of a great miracle, but, of course, we all know the basis of that collection of childish fable that characterized the enthusiasts of mediæval times.

From the Coliseum we went up the Palatine Hill to the palaces of the Caesars. Each succeeding emperor built his palace on the ruins of the one of his predecessor, and so we have centuries of Roman history told in palaces, one above another. This seems to be the story of all cities of southern Italy. Excavations beneath their ruins show walls and pavement of cities lost to memory in the dim past. Right under the Roman Forum recent excavations show that there was another people who preceded the Romans, and lived their life history, and left their record to puzzle the archeologist.

The pavement of the Forum is ten or twelve feet lower than the pavement of modern Rome. No doubt the accumulating debris from buildings that have crumbled in decay is responsible for the increased elevation. The palaces of several of the emperors have been excavated. They are built mostly of brick, and the walls were of colossal size. The house of Livia, mother of Tiberius, is in a good state of preservation. A frieze on one of the walls gives the whole archeological history of Egypt from Cairo to Essoun, which shows that the Romans themselves were patrons of the science of archaeology. The palace of Domitian has the coronation hall well preserved. It was in this room that the Senators inquired from the Emperor why he had ordered

the walls draped, and he answered, "Twelve of you are going to die;" and sure enough, next morning, twelve of them had been poisoned. These emperors were so frightened that somebody would kill them, that they had the rooms all covered with marble, which was polished like a mirror, so that they might see the image of an enemy approaching from behind. The golden house of Nero is one of the noted palaces of history. Much of it has been excavated, and the rooms are in a good state of preservation. The Coliseum was on one side of these palaces and the circus Maximus was on the other. There is little of the structure of this great circus to be seen now. The baths of Caracalla are being excavated, and they present wonders of archæological study. The building stood about a hundred feet high and covered three or four acres of ground. Thirteen hundred persons could bathe at one time, in hot or cold water as desired. The collection of statuary made from these baths by the Farnese Family is one of the greatest art treasures. The pieces are all from the old Grecian masters or their students or imitators. In comparing the modern ecclesiastical Rome with the ancient imperial Rome one becomes convinced that the moderns are mere copyists of the ancients. The type of the far-famed logge of Raphael in the Vatican was taken from the Golden



Ruins of baths of Caracalla, Rome.

house of Nero, and the notorious dome of St. Peter's was taken from the Pantheon. The world has never yet produced the peers of those ancient Hellenic sculptors. The type of saints and Madonnas of the middle ages and modern times is but a poor imitation of the gods and goddesses that preceded them by centuries.

The Italian government is spending much money in these excavations, and things of great interest are daily coming to light. Admission is

charged to every different part of the excavations, and the government will make a mint of money out of it. These modern ghouls haunt the ruins, and hold you up for a few centissime wherever they can barricade some little corner that you wish to see. When the great fire burned Rome, the people rushed to the Forum and threw coins into the burning temple to propitiate the gods and the red hot coins fused themselves into the red hot rock and remained there to the present day. One of these worthy sons of Italia covers the place with a board, and you have to propitiate him with modern current coin of the realm before he will let you look under the board.

Dec. 6.

We returned for a more critical review of the Vatican Museum, and Library. The collection of old Hellenic and Roman masterpieces is said to be the finest and most complete in the world. It was really all Grecian, because the Romans employed Greek sculptors to come to Rome, as well as Greek pedagogues and other professional men. With the advent of the dark ages, the art spirit seemed to die out by degrees, and the great treasures of Greece and Rome were allowed to mingle with the debris of their decaying edifices. When the renaissance movement began, a systematic search was inaugurated with

the result that the Baths of Caracalla, the baths of Diocletian, the mansions of the Caesars, and many other places yielded a rich harvest of classics. The excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum have rounded out the list, and we now have almost a complete history in stone of Grecian and Roman art, and incidentally of Grecian and Roman religion. Perhaps the most noted piece in the Vatican collection is the Laocoon, a group cut from one piece of marble representing a father and two sons in a death struggle with serpents. The expression on the countenances is so perfect that you almost imagine that it is a real conflict before your eyes. This masterpiece was the work of Agisander of the Isle of Rhodes. It was very old in the time of Pliny, and must have been executed at least one or two centuries B. C.

The Mercury of Lysippus is another product of the old Hellenic school. This piece was found on the Esquiline Hill in the ruins of a villa of the Emperor Hadrian. It is justly regarded as one of the best delineations of the fleetest of the gods.

The Appolo of Calamides is regarded as the best of all the products of Greece. It was found at Anzio in the fifteenth century, and placed in the Vatican museum.

Only the work of one modern seems to me to

have anything of the old Hellenic spirit, and that is a group from Canova embracing one Perseus, and two pugilists in action. The work of the mediæval and the modern sculptors is in general a poor copy of the old Greek masters. In the busts of Jove I see the outlines of the modern Man of Sorrows, and in the Venus and the Amazon I see the prototype of the Madonna. Out of the air of that Aegean Sea the Grecians breathed a spirit that laid the foundation for literature in the great epics of Homer, and set the pace in sculpture work for all the ages to come.

This afternoon we took a drive out on the Campagna, which is the broad table land between the Alban Hills and the sea. It looks green and productive near to Rome, but we are informed that it is mostly a barren waste. In the palmy days of Rome the Campagna was cultivated to a very high degree of perfection, but it went down with the decline of the Empire and has never regained itself. We visited the ancient Christian burying ground known as the Catacombs. These underground galleries are many miles in length, surrounding almost the entire city. The Catholic priest who acted as guide told us that 700,000 martyrs are buried there. These Catacombs served as places of refuge for the persecuted Christians. Those who died by the sword, or were torn to pieces by wild beasts have an arched

vault so that it is easy to distinguish them. The galleries are cut in the solid rock, and the bodies were placed in compartments one above the other chiseled into the wall. Various figures and symbols were carved on the marble slabs. They were of the same order as the pagan adornments of the contemporary people of Rome. As art declined with the pagans, it declined also with the Christians, and the later work is crude. Many of the skeletons are still to be seen. This is one of the saddest pages of all the history of mankind. It puts a blot on the proud escutcheon of the Roman Empire that nothing else can efface. We can imagine in part what these people suffered for the truth's sake. But Rome has paid for her crime in the calamity of national extinction, while the truths for which these poor persecuted people stood have conquered the world. There is an eternal justice that adjusts all things rightly in the end if we have only the patience to wait till the eternal laws of God have time to work out their verdict. At the time of the advent of Christianity, the Romans regarded their empire as an eternal institution. Their legions held the outposts of the world, and they drew tribute from all the cities they had conquered. They governed the people in general with just and equitable laws, and raised the standard of progress in every country. They built roads and

aqueducts and reclaimed the soil for agricultural purposes. They built ships to carry on marine traffic, and thus encouraged trade. Where was the enemy to come from that could disturb this mighty social fabric! The remains of gigantic buildings attest the magnitude of their conceptions. They were a race of giants in the things they accomplished. In that olden day to be a Roman was greater than to be a king.

This is a sad story of the vanity of human endeavor. They are gone from the earth forever. The gorgeous palaces, the halls of justice, the temples of the gods are crumbling in the dust, and a degenerate race are haunting like ghouls the colossal ruins, with a desire to turn to merchandise the fragments that remain, to assuage the pangs of hunger and want. When we have read of the Roman persecutions of the Christians, I fear we have not taken into consideration all the factors in the case. We must remember that the early Christian converts were mostly all slaves and that the Roman law gave the master the absolute right of life and death of his vassal. Too recent has been the sanguinary conflict in our own fair land over this very proposition. We know ourselves of a story of brother killing brother, and of father killing son. We must judge the Romans by the spirit of the times in which they lived. Naturally the strife over the privi-

leges of slaves drew in other propositions as the logic of events unfolded itself, and what had a justifiable beginning considering their institutions, grew into excesses that no argument can justify. When the Romans had a taste of blood they thirsted for more, until the cup of their iniquity was full to overflowing. Then came the beginning of their national disintegration. The sword that shed the blood of innocence was turned upon the persecutors, and one by one the mighty fell.

In national life as in individual life, crimes against God and Nature redound to the destruction of the perpetrator. The Pretorian Guard, which the Emperors organized to keep them from danger of assassination, usurped imperial prerogatives until they dictated the policy of the Empire, and finally dragged the royal purple so low, that they sold the imperial crown to the highest bidder. There is not much left after this of the story of Rome. It lives in these classic ruins as the memory of something that bore the semblance of greatness, but that showed itself weak and uncertain in the conflict that confronted its national experiences. It died by the force of its own momentum.

There are many interesting churches in Rome, where great works of art are on exhibition. St. John of Lateran, St. Marie Majora, St. Paul

without the wall, and the church of the Cappuchin Monks. The latter has a novel relic in the collection of four thousand skeletons of the monks who have died in the service. The bones are piled on shelves and woven into fantastic forms on the walls and ceiling. A lamp to light the basement is made of the bones of monks. Relics of all kinds are in the churches, and it is believed that special sanctity comes from their contact. I do not know how venial a crime these four thousand skeletons would expiate, but if the power augments with numbers certainly this pile of dead monks would be a very wonderful antidote for the backslidings of humanity.

Dec. 7.

We were much pleased this morning to find a part of Rome that is indeed very beautiful. The Piazza da Popolo, at the north end of the city, embraces a commanding view from the heights of the Quirinal Hill. The grounds are laid out with much skill, and fragments of the Grecian marble statuary adorn the various eminences. Oranges grow on the slopes and other trees of southern climes abound. Flowers grow in profusion even at this time of the year. I am glad to carry away with me this picture of beautiful landscape. It savors something of the classic days of Rome.

At the Piazza de Spagna, in the same locality

we visited the house that has been immortalized by the tragic ending of John Keats, the remarkable young poet of England, who came here in 1820, in pursuit of health. The small dimensions of the apartments he occupied tell the whole story. He must have died in poverty far from his home and friends. He suffered the pangs of an unrequited love, to add to the ravages of consumption that had already reduced him low before his advent in Rome. The last stroke of his affliction was from the hand of a merciless critic, who literally put out his life by the stroke of a pen. The sensitive visitor to Rome pays his tribute of a tear when he passes this sad house, and thinks of the young life so full of promise that here sped so swiftly away.

At the national museum today we were confirmed in the opinion we have formed about the transcendency of the old Hellenic sculptor work. These figures look with emotion out of their eyes. The modern schools of sculpture have produced classic forms; the morphology of their product is faultless, but they lack the life element. They look like corpses when compared with the types they attempted to imitate.

The many museums of Rome have a very full collection of the various appurtenances of the old Roman households. It is queer to see the great resemblance of their various utensils with the

ones in use at the present time. There are very few things that they did not have. They piped their water in iron pipes, they cooked their food on stoves, they served their meals in glass dishes, and they used knives and forks and spoons. One interesting appurtenance of the patrician home and of the royal mansion was what was known as the vomitorium, of which we saw one example in a perfect state of preservation. It consisted of an elliptical pond, which was kept full of fish, and evidently had a low railing around it. When the old Roman had debauched his palate to satisfaction at the feast, he repaired to the vomitorium and tickled the back of his throat with a feather until he vomited back the excessive contents of his stomach. The fish ate the fragments of regurgitated food, and the mandates of domestic economy were thus followed out by utilizing the by-product.

We encountered one of the very unpleasant phases of modern Rome just as we were boarding the train for Florence. Doctor Allen was ascending the platform of the car with a suit case in each hand, when a fine appearing, well-dressed gentleman reached out a hand and arm covered with a dark cloth and tried to appropriate the Doctor's wallet and other valuables. The culprit was detected in the act, and a policeman called to take charge of him. He turned with a crowd of his

countrymen, and tried to have his accuser arrested, with a charge that he had been assaulted. Things were interesting for a while, but when an English-speaking interpreter arrived, the pick-pocket was soon put in irons, and the last we saw of him he was in a struggle with six policemen with a term of six years in the pen hanging over him.

Florence.

Dec. 8.

Owing to our mix-up with the pickpocket, it was early morning before we reached Florence, and took up our abode at Pension Jennings, where we met many interesting people, and enjoyed two days of unprecedented interest. Florence is a beautiful city. From an elevation we got a commanding view of the Arno, which makes its way with grand sweeps from east to west, and divides the municipality into two equal parts. The quaint bridges over the river are all interesting, but the one known as *Ponta Vecchia* is unique. On each side of the road and footpath are shops, where all kinds of commodities are sold. This is the famous bridge that figures in George Eliot's great story, *Romola*. That city has no insignificant claim for distinction which can number among her honored sons such men as Dante, Savonarola, Galileo, Lorenza De Medici, and Michael Angelo. Another, not of note, but of special interest to us Americans is Amerigo Vespuccio, who claims the distinction of supplying the name to the newly discovered continent of the western world. The homes of each of these celebrities were visited in turn, and it is not difficult to imagine the emotions that were aroused in our

hearts when we felt that we were treading on such sacred soil. A block of stone set in the pavement of one of the public squares indicates the spot where Savonarola was chained and burned at the stake—one of the dark pages in the story of this fair city, which must be judged by the age in which this great reformer lived. Florence was the abode for some considerable time of the poet Browning, and his talented wife. It was here that Mrs. Browning ended her earthly career, and her last slumber is beneath a beautiful little marble canopy in the Protestant cemetery in the north side of the city. We paid our homage of tears at this memorable shrine, and plucked flowers from the grave. It is truly a place by nature adapted for the resting place of the author of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." A very touching story was told me by a lady at the hotel. Mrs. Browning was in poor health, and the family was sojourning in a rural villa somewhere near Florence. Mr. Browning put her and their infant son on a little donkey, and went leading the animal down the country road. A devout plebeian who was laboring in the forest, thought that it was an apparition, and that he had at last been privileged to see the blessed Virgin and her consort of the flight into Egypt. He kneeled down to do reverence, and the poet, after weighing the matter in his mind, resolved to pass by and leave

the poor man to nurture the fond delusion that he had at last found favor enough with God to be permitted to behold the Madonna and her immortal child.

Florence is the greatest art center of the world. The Medici family were great collectors, and before Rome waked up to her birthright, these great men had transferred to the home of their childhood the best of the Hellenic and old Roman productions. At the grand old gallery of the Uffizi, we reveled for hours among the masterpieces ancient and modern. It is possible to mention only a few that left the most vivid impression. The Birth of Venus, by Botticelli is a poem in pigments. You see the beautiful form arising as the tradition has it from a shell of the sea, and looking with rapture at the glory of the world. Two beautiful figures indicating the zephyrs are blowing with their mouths and wafting her over the waves. You see her tresses waving before the gentle breeze; while Spring, another beautiful personification, stands on the shore with a mantle of flowers ready to enfold her as soon as she comes within reach. The ideals of this great dreamer live before you, and you feel that you are in the land of real enchantment.

I shall not mar the record of these two glorious days by inserting a date to indicate that we

were obliged to break the reverie long enough to find rest in repose. I wish to remember only the golden hours of consciousness. From the classic work of Botticelli I remember two other striking productions, one a Madonna with the most benignant facial expression holding the immortal Child with the wisdom of sages in his infantile face, and the other a Venus in the nude which is said to be the greatest work of its kind ever attempted.

Of the work of Raphael there is a great collection in the galleries of Florence. His *Fornoria*, the inspiration of his work, here enjoys the distinction of a classic portrait unmarred by the association of other less worthy objects. Needless to say that his genius was here brought to a focus, and that life shines out of the eyes he loved so well. We have seen the shadow of this emotion in every gallery we have visited, but here the limelight reveals the physical basis from which the shadow emanated. There is in the same gallery another romance in a picture. Fra Filippo Lippi was requested to paint a Madonna, and made a request that one of the young sisters be sent from the convent to pose for his model. She was a charming young lady, of whom he made a glorious picture; but he found that his emotion had wandered from the canvas to the posing figure, and that he had developed a passion that was consuming his soul. A special dispensation from

the Pope relieved her from her vows and they were happily united in marriage.

Albertinella was a Florentine youth who essayed to become an artist, but his early work was not successful, and he gave up in despair. He became a wine merchant, and his place of business became the resort of Michael Angelo, and all his illustrious contemporaries. These great artists persuaded Albertinelli to try again, and he took up the brush to follow their advice. One great masterpiece has immortalized his name. It is a portrayal of Elizabeth and Mary in the visit recorded by one of the evangelists. It is rightly regarded as one of the gems of the Florentine collection.

A gallery of portraits of the great artists, executed, by themselves, is a unique and pleasing prelude to the other larger galleries. To see ourselves as others see us seems to have been a problem not so difficult for artists as for other people. This is a rare, unique collection, which shows plainly where Florence stands in the world of art.

Just what was the degree of perfection in the art of painting in the old classic days of Greece we cannot tell, for pictures are produced on perishable materials, and their life is limited at most to a few centuries. But their sculpture work, which was wrought on imperishable stone has

come down to us almost perfect. Many of these classic pieces have been gathered up in fragments from the ruins where they lay hidden for ages, but they have been cemented together so carefully that you do not perceive the line of cleavage. From the chisel of Phydias and Praxatelles, Florence has a fine collection, embracing some of their masterpieces. The Venus Belvedere, by Phidias reflects the glory of the old Hellenic school, and shows a perfection of anatomical portraiture that seems to us moderns like a miracle.

A gallery which tells in stone the legend of Niobe and the tragic fate of her children is a study in itself, and shows the masterful power of the school of Phydias in producing various attitudes and portraying various emotions. Of necessity this is but an indication of a few of the most striking things in the Florentine collection. Words cannot indicate the story, it must be seen in order to be appreciated. We are turning away reluctantly to answer more pressing demands upon our time, but we shall carry with us from Florence some images, and some emotions that will live in memory as long as life shall last.

Venice.

Vienna, Dec. 12, 1906.

We made the trip from Florence to Venice mostly in the day, and had a good chance to observe the country and the people as we moved along at the slow rate of speed common to Italian railroad trains.

Italy seems to be cultivated to a very high degree of perfection. Orchards cover the country, and between the trees other crops are produced. Every hedge has a nice row of well-kept grape vines instead of the weeds that the farmers of our country allow to grow in all the waste places. Large canals with furrows through the land indicate that their crops are produced by irrigation. As we penetrated the Appenines, there were beautiful mountain views, and the houses and cultivated plats in the side canyons, with the crystal streams dashing over the cliffs added variety to the landscapes. The people of Italy are pre-eminently a race of artists. Whether they have inherited the old Hellenic instinct, or have breathed their æsthetic gift from the air of the Adriatic, is a question that would require the solution of the whole problem of heredity and environment to answer. In the rock-work of the banks of railroad cuts, you see an ar-

rangement of graceful arches, and the land that is cultivated on the hillside is all laid out in artistic terraces. This is the one virtue that commends the progeny of classic Rome, which has otherwise fallen so low in the social scale.



Bridge of Sighs, Venice.

It was a quaint sight that presented itself as we alighted from the train at the outskirts of Venice. Instead of the customary line of cabs

we saw a long line of gondolas, each with the name of the respective hotel emblazoned over the top. We took our seat in one of these aquatic vehicles, and two brawny gondoliers began the work of propelling us. We proceeded a short distance down the Grand Canal, and then turned into devious ways that wound in all directions. We glided by mansions and hovels, and under bridges and around angular corners. The gondolier on the prow shouted in a musical tone as we neared new turning points, to indicate to his fellow the direction to steer. Back again into the Grand canal we swept, and saw the long row of lights that reflected their image on the placid water surface; and then another labyrinth of side streets ended in the piazza where our hotel was located, and we alighted to rest for the night.

Venice is a city with a great history. It has a population of 188,000, 25 per cent of which are indigent. It originally consisted of a few islands formed in the midst of a broad lagoon, where six rivers from the alps and the Tyrol empty into the Adriatic. The city is about two or three miles from the mainland, and the railroad crosses over the intervening shallow strait on a large bridge. These alluvial islands offered a surrounding of shoals that baffled hostile fleets, and soldiers from the land could not easily cross over, so the people were left to work out

their life problems unmolested during the troublous times when Vandal and Roman clashed in arms, and laid waste the beautiful plains of sunny Italy. At a very early date, a people called the Veneti descended from their native Euganean hills, and began the conquest of this miniature archipelago. They were fleeing from hostile enemies on the shore, and here, amidst these little islands, they settled down in peace, and laid the foundation of an empire that was destined in after years to stand among the foremost nations of the world.

Their first government was under tribunes, but in the year 697 they elected their first president, designated by the rather uneuphonious name of doge. These doges were in the beginning almost absolute monarchs, but as time rolled on, limitations were drawn about them, until the government became almost a democracy.

The population increased, and a systematic plan was adopted to drain the marshes, and establish the highways through the city. It was a warfare with the waves of the ocean. Millions of feet of piles were driven, and fine bridges were built across the canals, and instead of the huts marble palaces arose to adorn the fair city of the Adriatic.

At the time of the crusades Venice was located in the direct line of march toward the ori-

ent, and her shipping came into great demand. Much of her prosperity dates from that time. She acquired adjacent territory, and carried her victorious arms to Byzantium and Asia Minor. Many of the cities of northern Italy were conquered and added to the dominion of this sturdy commonwealth, and she became one of the leading powers of the world. Here, on the summit of the clock tower of the church of St. Mark,



Pigeons in front of St. Marks Cathedral, Venice.

Galileo, in the year 1609, demonstrated the powers of the telescope which he had recently invented, by showing that Jupiter is attended by four moons. Here Ignatius Loyala, while laying in the hospital with a broken leg, conceived the idea of the Jesuit Society, which, with the sanction of Pope Paul III, he organized, and proceeded to disseminate its influence to every household in Christendom, to combat the dissaffection to the church that had grown out of the new physical discoveries. Here were born Titian and Tontoretto, who added great lustre to the name of Italy by the legacy of pictures they produced. Marco Polo was born here, and Tasso the great poet of the Renaissance. In Venice the first printed books were produced, and the first newspaper was issued and sold for a piece of money called a gazette, hence the name common to many periodicals. At Venice also was organized the first bank of deposit and discount, and the first bills of exchange were issued here. The glass manufactories of Venice have been world renowned from early ages, and the miracles that are done in the production of vases, and the various appurtenances of the household by the glass blowers are almost beyond belief.

The modern Venetians are a people very superior to the citizens of the main land of Italy. Their border location, and the advent of Ameri-

can and English travelers have given them something of the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, and they have methods of business that savor of the new world.

Venice is seven miles in circumference. It is built on three large islands and about four hundred small ones. It has 146 canals spanned by innumerable bridges. The traffic is altogether



Gondolas for hire in front of the Doges Palace in Venice.

by gondolas, and steam launches. You see gondoliers propelling their loads of fish, and vegetables, and wood, and coal, and groceries, and everything that goes to fill the demands of a large city, while others are conveying away the refuse to the deeper water of the lagoon. On the Grand Canal we passed the spacious mansion where Robert Browning, the English poet, died, and on the opposite side we saw the house where Wagner, the great composer, ended his career. Browning would have been buried in Florence beside the remains of his talented wife, had not the people of England demanded sepulture in Westminster Abbey for their favorite bard. It seems a pity that two souls so bound together by the perfection of human affinities should not have been permitted to lay side by side in the long last slumber, but the dust counts for little when the immortal spirit has flown.

Our gondolier took us through the Rialto, and under the bridge where Shylock of Shakespeare's great drama is supposed to have had his shop. It is a beautiful masonry bridge over the Grand Canal. We went over the far-famed bridge of Sighs, and into the dungeons beneath. Here have languished in darkness the prisoners of that cruel day when slight offenses against nobles were punished by death, and here on this bridge the convict was permitted to take one farewell

look at the busy mart and the blue sea before passing on for his final doom. What stories these stones could tell if they had tongues to speak! In one of these dark cells Lord Byron learned the story of the convict by remaining for twenty-four hours voluntarily committed without light and with the prison food. Thomas Hood also has immortalized this place with his beautiful poems.

I can imagine that it would seem quite monotonous for us who have been used to street traffic in the ordinary way if we had to live where we would have to hire a gondola for every movement. But the people who have been raised here know nothing else, and it is as natural for them to take the gondola as it is for us to walk. We thought we had met every form of graft possible as we journeyed through Italy, but it remained for Venice to teach us a new trick. At every landing there are men waiting with hooks, and as soon as your gondola^a nears the curb, one of these birds of prey comes out and hooks a ring on the prow to pull you close to the steps, and then holds out his hand for money. The gondolier could carry a hook himself, but he seems to regard the tourist as common spoil for the denizens of his city. The Italians believe pre-eminently in the Republican doctrine of making the foreigner pay.

The surroundings of Venice are picturesque. The many neighboring islands are adorned with houses, and the smoke of factories raises high in the air. To the north and west, the Italian Alps project their snow-covered peaks on the blue sky beyond, and mirror their rugged slopes in the placid water of the lagoon. Truly the land of Italy is beautiful to behold.

Its history is written in imperishable stone, which reflects the splendor of a day of glory long passed away. With the burden of supporting priest and soldier, it is hard to see how conditions can ever be better for the laboring man. Their souls are stultified with mendicancy and theft, and every other vice of the catalogue. There are no middle classes, and the poor are reduced to the pass of the dog that watches for crumbs from the patrician table. The wealthy people no doubt live in refinement as the better classes do in all countries, but they are few in this country compared with the hordes of paupers. We turn away with a full appreciation of what it means to live in our own land of liberty, and to partake of the spirit that recognizes no man as superior, but regards all men as being of noble birth, and worthy of all the advantages that a great government can bestow with a lavish hand equally among its patriotic sons.

Vienna.

Dec. 17, 1906.

We have spent several days in Vienna, which were profitable and instructive. The run through the Tyrol from Venice is accomplished in sixteen hours. The Italian Alps are lofty and very picturesque, and the scenes by the way are quaint and comical. Drayage seems to be done with ox teams, and the people wear odd-looking garments, and very large boots. As we proceeded toward Austria, the conditions improved, and in Vienna we saw methods of life and people not much different from those we find in America. The Austrians are a charming people; full of vivacity and warmth of spirit. There are among them some of the kings and queens of the earth. When we met the great surgeon Lorenz, who is well known to the American people, we felt instinctively that we were in the presence of a very superior man. His bearing toward his patients is so kind and paternal, and his treatment of visiting physicians is so courteous that he captivates everybody who meets him. He told us he had been obliged to curtail his work greatly, because he found the demands on his time more than his strength could endure. As is well known he does the so-called bloodless operations on children with

club feet, and dislocated hip. They seem to flock from all over the country by hundreds to avail themselves of his skill. The German and Austrian physicians in general are men of the very highest standing. They love to teach and they devote themselves largely to the work of tuition. Hundreds of students from America flock over there each year, and the money brought to Vienna from this source must be something of a consideration. Only the lack of a perfect knowledge of the language prevented us from remaining, and we turned away from that great University, like Moses turned away from the Promised Land with permission only to gaze upon it, and to hope that some future day will find us with more time at our disposal and a better opportunity to appropriate the clinical and pathological material they have in such abundance. The Germans are great pathologists, and great diagnosticians, but their operative work seems to be rather bungling. Their nurses are quite a burlesque. They are mostly large, corpulent peasant women, with but very little education, and with very little training. They wear large loose costumes of the polonaise pattern, and of a red and white checked color. The hospital beds and the wards are about in keeping with the nurses. To us Americans who are used to seeing intelligent women in the capacity of nurse, and perfect order and

cleanliness in the wards, these things are very amusing. In the great General Hospital of Vienna there is never a patient dies, that does not come to autopsy. The people are used to it, and they never expect anything else. It is this custom that has made the Germans such noted pathologists.

Vienna is an old Roman city, and has many relics of the Roman occupation, but after seeing Rome itself, there is not much interest in the antiquities of any of the other European cities. Some squalor we observe among the people, but in general they look contented and happy. Some customs are rather queer. If you are out from your lodging after ten o'clock, you are obliged to pay the bellboy twenty heller before you can get in. No person is permitted to play a piano after ten o'clock. If a pedestrian is run down in the street by a cab or an automobile, he is straight away arrested while the man who runs him down goes free. We saw women in harness, pulling carts along the streets to deliver groceries and other commodities of street transportation, and we were informed that they hire out for this work at regular wages.

Bern.

Bern, Switzerland, Dec. 17, 1906.

Our run from Vienna to Bern occupied twenty-two hours, during which time we were much entertained by the beautiful mountain scenery, and the Austrian and Swiss villages we saw by the way. The Alps are rugged and abrupt, and through every angular canyon, gushes a brook, which leaps from cliff to cliff and dashes into foam against the stones. The ground is now covered with snow, and the deciduous trees are in their winter sleep, but one can imagine that the summer verdure is superb. These Swiss lakes occupy long, narrow valleys in the mountain fastnesses and the rugged cliffs with their fringe of primeval forest are mirrored back from their placid surface. We passed by two of these large lakes, Wallen sea and Zurick sea. Nice little steamers ply to and fro to the villages along their shore. The country seems to be cultivated to a very high degree; grapes and apples, and cereals, including maize, are the staple products. Tourists bring much money into Switzerland, and the manufacture of watches, silks, chocolate and knitted goods go to make up the chief industries. Cattle and dairy products are exported. The universities are crowded with students from

Russia, many of whom are young ladies taking medical courses. The Swiss people do not like this invasion of Russia, but under their regulations there is no way of avoiding it.

Bern is a beautiful little city occupying a crescentic bend in the river Aare. It has a population of seventy-five thousand people, and is the capital, though not the metropolis of Switzerland. The name is derived from the word bear, and this animal is used as a kind of insignia of the commonwealth. It is recorded that Duke Berkhold the Fifth, christened the town from the incident of his having killed a bear on the town site. The Swiss people are sturdy and rugged-looking, with the bloom of health on their cheeks. The women as in all continental countries we have visited, seem to run to corpulence, and have a tendency to the development of hirsuties on their faces. It seemed strange to us in Austria to see women harnessed up to carts, but Bern has the more unique sight of one woman being hitched up with one big mastiff, and the human-canine team is a common means of street drayage.

Bern boasts of one of the greatest surgeons in the world, and it is to see his work that Doctor Allen and I are remaining here for a few days. Doctor Kocker has a record of removing three thousand two hundred goitres, and naturally he speaks with authority on this as on other

operations. He is a kindly old gentleman, rather shy in his manner, but courteous to visitors. He has created a vortex here that is drawing from far and wide. The hospitals of Switzerland are a great improvement on the ones we saw in Austria, though they are not up to the American standard. The work of instruction in the university course seems to be very thorough, and Swiss surgeons in general are rated high.

In these mountain defiles the spirit of liberty has had its abode for centuries. Kings and nobles have long ago been discountenanced, and monasteries were prohibited by law more than thirty years ago. Perfect religious liberty is maintained, and the officials are all elected from the ranks of the people. Every man is a soldier, subject to call, and keeps his musket and uniform hanging on the wall, but the Swiss have no standing army and no navy. We learn that they have a very loose conception of moral conduct, but that seems to be common to European peoples, especially on the continent. We move on tomorrow evening for Paris, and will soon be at our systematic work in London.

The Louvre.

Jan. 3, 1907.

The present buildings of the Louvre occupy the site of a mediæval Chatteau built by Phillipe Auguste in 1233. The name literally means "wolf resort" from the fact that the first building on the site was a hunting chatteau. The buildings of the modern Louvre were commenced by Francis the First in 1527, and finished by Napoleon the Third in 1857. The palace of the Tulleries is embraced in the plan of this great museum, and the beautiful gardens of the Palace are converted into a public promenade, which stretches into the Champs Elysee on the north bank of the Seine.

Here have occurred some of the most tragic events that the world's history records. It was in a court of the Tulleries that Catherine De Medici gave the order for the massacre of Saint Bartholomew which resulted in the murder of 64,000 Huguenots; it was on this ground that the allied armies of Europe assembled in 1814, after the fall of Napoleon the Great, and the Russian soldiers from the far north broke the street lamps and drank the oil they contained; it was on this ground that the German army made its

encampment in 1871, after the capitulation of Paris.

The Louvre has been a public museum since 1793, but its great art treasures date from Napoleon, who ransacked Europe and brought to Paris the best of the renaissance productions. The collection of paintings from the masters of Italy is more complete than any collection in Italy itself. Many modern Parisians have continued the quest for antique relics, even down to the present time. From the dawning civilization of the Valley of the Mesopotamia, from the golden days of Greece, and from the palmy days of Imperial Rome have come down to this modern Acropolis images in imperishable stone which reflect the glory of ages and institutions that have faded in the dim twilight of the past.

The Louvre collection is undoubtedly the greatest art collection in the world. Four miles of galleries are occupied in its exhibits, and the demand for space is constantly increasing. I can do but little more than catalogue some of the things that made the most vivid impression on my mind, and add such comments as will explain them.

The Egyptians and Assyrians were the first people so far as we know, to make any progress in the portrayal of their ideals in stone and pigment. The early Greeks undoubtedly took their

inspiration from these primeval races. Two thousand years before Christ the first glimmer of the Hellenic light comes over the horizon, but the noontide was not to be reached for fifteen hundred years. The establishment of the Olympic games was the beginning of a competition in feats of physical strength and dexterity. This naturally called forth the skill of the sculptor to portray the ideal physical stature as developed in these quadrennial contests. The age of Pericles, and his two great contemporaries, Phidias and Praxatelles, marked the noontide of the world's history carved in stone. Then followed the conquests of Alexander the Great, which disseminated the Grecian models far and wide. Grecian sculptors as well as Grecian pedagogues were imported to all parts of the world, and when finally Rome took the supreme command, she found the civilized races already Hellenized.

The Louvre has this whole story, from the earliest dawn of Egypt to the last glimmer of the decline of Rome. Her Egyptian collection is the fullest in the world and embraces work in terra cotta, chalk-stone and wood, and sarcophagi colored with ochre containing mummies of very ancient date. The Egyptians knew no laws of perspective and never blended colors. Their greatest skill is manifest in the portrayal of animals. Assyria, Chaldee, and Palestine have

each handed down their record, but the contribution from Greece is second only in importance to the renaissance and modern art collection. The life-like forms, the faces that invite you to speak to them and the gracious smile of all those old Hellenic masterpieces separates them into a class of their own which has never since been approximated. The most beautiful of them all, and probably the most perfect piece of sculptor work in the world is the Venus of Milo, which, though somewhat mutilated, reflects the age of Phidias in all its glory. It is an angel dream carved out of the insensible marble. It smiles, and breathes and vibrates with emotion, as you contemplate it, and you are loth to believe that it is the marble portrayal and not the real ideal that you have had in your mind of perfect womanhood.

The Venus Aphrodite, and the Victorious Athlete of the same period are masterful productions, full of the old Hellenic spirit, the first is said to be the portrait of the wife of Praxatelles himself. The Spirit of Eternal Repose by some unknown pupil of Phidias is most admirable. Of the Laocoon, The Venus De Medici, and The Appollo Belvadere, the Louvre has only copies, the originals of which are in Italy, and have been described in previous papers. The modern history of the Venus de Milo is interesting. It was

unearthed by a peasant when he was extricating the roots of a tree from the ground in the Island of Milo. During the long night of the dark ages, this classic piece had sunk into oblivion, and the debris of centuries had accumulated over it. When it was brought to light, the French consul happened to be in the island, and he bought it from the peasant for a few thousand francs. The people of the island, after learning of the great importance of the find, proceeded to flog the peasant, and put him in prison, and the French government magnanimously paid his fine and set him free. When the transport arrived to take the prize away, there was a serious conflict with the islanders, and in the encounter, both of the arms of the statue were broken off.

We spent hours of ecstasy in the picture galleries, and turned away with regrets that we could not remain longer. So pleasing are the emotions that thrill one in the contemplation of these poetic dreams, so delicately wrought out on canvas, that it is hard to bring the reverie to its legitimate ending.

It may be that artists only are the people to criticize art productions, but the careful student of anatomy presumes to know something about the symmetry of forms, and even the casual reader of the classics learns to enjoy some of the dreams of the poet. If, therefore, these two

sources of knowledge are united, why should they not deal with the ultimate analysis of the poetry of form. At any rate, whether right or wrong, each should be entitled to his opinion, and no barriers of impericism should limit his expression of it.

The renaissance has done for painting what the age of Phidias did for sculptor work. The full noontide was the age of Raphael and his contemporaries, but the evening of that classic day has long been delayed, and still the twilight lingers.

The Louvre collection surpasses all we have yet seen for completeness. To the age of Titian and Tontiretto are added the stories in pigment of these more recent years, and some of the artists are yet living whose works have been adjudged worthy of this classic place, but by a regulation of the French Academy of the Fine Arts, they must remain in the Luxemburg for ten years after the death of the artist before they come up for the final verdict which fixes their destination, and either receives or rejects them.

Napoleon evidently brought away from Italy every fine picture he could lay his hands on, and although many of them were returned after his decline and fall, to their rightful owners, enough remained to comprise the largest renaissance collection in existence.

Of Raphael's, two are worthy of very special mention: "The Madonna of the Garden" and the "Holy Family." Fornorina again and the story of his burning passion. The pigments are tinged with the blood of his own heart, and you feel instinctively that a great man has wrought out a great ideal, quite apart from the theme he had in hand. Three other love stories are told in pigment: The portrait of Laura Dientia, the Mona Lisa of Leonardo de Vinci, and the wife and children of Murillo. The later great artist was a Spaniard, and his best themes are "The Annunciation" and "The Holy Family," in each of which his wife plays the role of Madonna, and his children the adjuvant parts of Christ, St. John, etc. The Mona Lisa of De Vinci is deservedly regarded as the finest portrait in existence. In their unsuspecting moments the men of genius thus sometimes reveal themselves, and show the undercurrent of their lives. In every great heart emotions are playing, which mold themselves into poetry. It may express itself in symmetry of form, in harmony of sounds, in blending of colors, or in the more enduring condition of immortal verse. The classics of all ages are but the current coin of the heart blood of the people, and man's love for his fellow man is the fountain source of all that is great and Godlike. "The Last Supper," by De Vinci, is one of the great favorites,

and two pictures by Guerin, "Aurora and Cephalus," and the "Return of Marcus Sextus" are beautiful. The latter is from the old Roman life. Marcus Sextus was banished for some political offense, and after his liberation, he arrived home just in time to witness the deathbed scene of his wife. The young daughter is clinging to the leg of the resolute old Roman, and the play of emotion in his face is grand, though pathetic.

From the brush of Paul Veronese, the most noted things are "The Wedding of Cana," and "Christ Resting in the House of Simon." From Rubens, the "Village Fair" is a gigantic masterpiece, and the incidents of the life of Mary de Medici by his pupils, occupy a large hall to themselves. They are given a rank among the modern classics. His portrayals are very large and vivid. The portrait of a Woman, by Dener, is a picture of rare merit. The morphology and the coloring are as nearly perfect as one could well imagine. Four things from the brush of Greuze are greatly admired, "The Dairy Maid," "The Broken Pitcher," "The Father's Curse," and "The Repentant Son." The latter two follow in sequence. You see the scowl on the paternal countenance as he drives the head-strong son, full of youthful impetuosity, from the door, and the mother with a visage of sorrow imploring. In the next you see the son in repentant mood, re-

- turning home. The mother throws herself upon his neck in tears, but he has come too late for the father is wrapped in the shroud of death. The artist who produced these fine paintings died in poverty and the king, Louis XI, was very sorry when he heard of it, that something had not been done to relieve his necessity.

A thousand other things are crowding themselves on my memory as I write. The landscapes of Corot and Rosseau, "The Pond" by Daubigny and the portraits of Madam le Brun by herself are all classics, worthy of highest praise. It is true we saw some things that did not appeal to us, just as we see some flowers in the garden with petals unshapely or colors dim. When a man produces one great thing in art or literature the faddists busy themselves to gather every scroll from the ends of the earth to place on exhibition. This is the folly of complete editions.

But with it all we are leaving this great museum with memory pictures that time can never efface. It is not these squares of canvas nor these blocks of marble that we worship, but the immortal thought that called them into existence and mirrored so much of God's great universe in this tangible form. Landscapes we can see every day, glistening in the morning dew; men and women we can meet every hour, throbbing with life and vibrating with emotion, but the soul to

appreciate these impressions so intensely as to reproduce them in their ideal form is the one that is nearest in touch with the Great Author whose design he has in part learned to read correctly.

London.

Feb. 3, 1907.

One hardly knows how to begin writing about London, the theme is so great and the elements of it so varied. Imagine a city thirty miles in one direction and twenty-nine in the other, thickly set with domicles and swarming with human beings like ants in a great ant-hill. People of every creed and color and condition mingling in the great vortex, moving around the various minor circles, political, religious and social, but each an integral part of this world in the name of a municipality. Wealth, prestige and power jostle in the crowd against poverty, squalor and degradation, the gilded mansion of the millionaire casts its shadow over the hovel of the beggar. God only knows the wrongs of these old effete civilizations of Europe, where wealth has accumulated and men have decayed. Millions are without proper food and shelter, and the inroads of disease work havoc among them. The bacillus of tuberculosis begins where the landlord leaves off to complete the vicious circle, and add disease to starvation; the vendor of alcohol joins his forces for the destruction of soul and body alike.

Of the better class of English I have nothing but words of praise. They are honest and indus-

trious and faithful to trust, and their sturdy manhood has established the name of this island empire among the foremost nations of the earth. The fault is not with the people, but with the social system that has entailed on them the unjust results of that selfish age when might was right, and this beautiful island was parcelled out among the victorious followers of the conquering Norman king. These people are so very conservative that they are quite content to go on in the way their fathers have gone, doing obeisance to their fellow men, and delighting themselves in the hope that they may by times touch the hem of the garment of one of these chosen few who have fixed their seal upon the earth which God first gave to the people, and have made their productive island a land of vassals instead of a land of free-holders.

In the face of these hard circumstances there have been courageous men not a few who have risen to distinction and have left their impress upon the world of art and science and literature.

It is of these latter that I wish to pen a few lines, particularly of the haunts amidst the thoroughfares of London where they courted the Muse and met to bask in the light of one another and display the temper of their wit and humor.

The last of the old taverns known by the name of Cheshire Cheese is still in a good state of preservation, and maintains the exact customs of two and three hundred years ago. It is in a little court near to Fleet Street, which is one of the busiest marts of the world. Here the mighty of many ages have met and dined and had their say, and gone the way of all the world, like the butterfly which spreads its gaudy wings and flits through the sunbeams of a few summer days and then vanishes from the earth forever.

The annals of this old tavern tell of a pass at arms between Sylvester and Ben Jonson. The wager was for the production of the best rhyming verse extempore.

"I, Sylvester, kissed your sister," came with the flash of intuition, to which the rare old Ben answered, "I, Ben Jonson, kissed your wife." But that is not rhyme," protested Sylvester, to which Jonson replied, "No, it is not rhyme, but it is truth."

In the most cozy corner, by the side of the huge fireplace, sat at a later date England's greatest sage and philanthropist, Doctor Samuel Johnson. We can imagine this great orb with all his satellites revolving around him—Goldsmith on the left, Reynolds on the right, and the rest irregularly distributed. In Boswell's "Life" we have preserved some of the actual dialogues that

passed between these men as they sat at the table, or lounged in the clubroom on a higher story of the building. The chair that Johnson occupied is still preserved, though out of commission, the china and teapot and tobacco box of the great sage are kept for inspection only.

In a little house just across the alley, Goldsmith wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," and in Gough Square and Bolt Court in the rear, Johnson spent the greatest part of his life. Here the great dictionary was compiled, which marked an era in the evolution of the English language, and here the faithful partner of his life died in the year 1752.

Most of those meetings with his worshipful biographer occurred in the different houses of Gough Square and Bolt Court, and here the blind Mrs. Williams and all the rest of his motley crew enjoyed the daily bounty of this princely giver. Poor "Goldy," as they used to call him, swaggered in at late hours to his humble lodgings, beset by relentless creditors, who were quite unmindful of the angel dreams that adorned his inner consciousness, while he thus faced without the pitiless world. In better days he moved to a small court in the Inner Temple, hard across Fleet Street, where he spent the last of his life. In this peaceful little retreat, within a stone's throw of the busiest mart in the world, this great

poet sleeps the last long sleep, and dreams amidst the scenes of his fitful career.

Charles Lamb was a near neighbor to this place, and the site of his house is occupied by a modern structure which still bears his name.

Thomas Hood, Thackeray, Fox, Gibbon, Charles Dickens, and Tennyson, have all been frequenters of the Cheshire Cheese, with many more of less renown. We have had the pleasure twice of dining there, and living for the time being in the London world of three hundred years ago. The great steak puddings have retained their enormous size through all these centuries, and borne their record to each succeeding generation of the vegetative instincts of our ancestors.

There is a spirit of solemnity that brooks over these quiet sanctuaries, and you feel that the ground beneath you is sacred from its contact with these illustrious men. The old Temple Bar marks the place of the London Gate during feudal times, and these haunts of the most eminent literati are clustered all about the proximity of this historic landmark. In olden times a guard was kept by day and night at this place to prevent robbers from entering the city.

Feb. 3.

In the west end of London there is another nucleus around which are clustered the haunts



Carlyle Monument, Thames embankment, London.

of the literati of a more recent date. I speak of the home of Thomas Carlyle, 23 Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

In the near proximity of this house lived Leigh Hunt, George Elliot, Charles Kingsley, Rosetti, Whistler, and Turner, and others of less renown. Only one of these domiciles is open for the public, the home of Carlyle, which was purchased some years ago by an American and English society who have turned it into a museum.

Hither came this great Scotch satirist, in his early manhood, to take up his abode on the banks of the Thames, and battle for half a century with poverty and misunderstanding. From this air he breathed the inspiration of those masterful tropes which focussed the attention of the world, and raised him to the very first rank as a man of letters. Here came Ralph Waldo Emerson, the sage of the western world, to preach the gospel of optimism to this old cynic, and to impress him with a life so pure and lofty as almost to command worship. Always he was known in the Carlyle home as the angel visitor. From an address delivered by Tyndale, the great naturalist, on the unveiling of the Carlyle statue at Chelsea, I copied the following peroration :

“And now it becomes my duty to unveil and present to the British public and to the strangers within our gate who can appreciate greatness, the statue of a great man. Might I append to these brief remarks the expression of a wish, personal perhaps, in its warmth, but more than personal in the aim, that somewhere on the Thames Embankment could be raised a companion memorial to a man who loved our hero and was by him beloved to the end. I refer to the loftiest and most penetrating spirit that has ever shone in American literature, to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the life-long friend of Thomas Carlyle.”

The house is a rather unpretentious one from the exterior, modest in its capacity and equipment and well suited to the profession of democratic simplicity which characterized the half century tenant. In a frame in the window is preserved a letter, written by Disraeli to Carlyle, offering him the Queen's gift of a baronetcy and a pension, and the answer of the proud old Scot, with due thanks for the courtesy, but an unconditional refusal to accept of anything that should not be in keeping with his humble mode of life. He who had hurled anathemas at royalty and caste could ill afford to join ranks now with the classes who had been the object of his burning apostrophes. We had loved Carlyle less if he had shown weakness at this critical moment. In this drawing room were produced the bulk of the works from this great author, and his library and household appurtenances are all on exhibition. Here Tennyson and Hunt and DeQuincey and all the world's celebrities have met, but time and space forbids the mention of the occasions. Thomas Carlyle died in this house, Feb. 5, 1881, and the long term of tenure allowed the place to revert to the owner.

March 4, 1907.

As I walked along one of London's greatest thoroughfares today, I saw a poor old forsaken

man standing with a violin under his arm. His coat was ragged, and his face looked weary and wan. Hunger looked out of his eyes, and physical weakness was manifest in his attitude. After passing him by I turned back and requested him to play for me. He responded cheerfully and I had a concert all for my own benefit. There was a twinkle of genius in the eye of the old musician, and he handled the instrument with the air of a professional. He poured forth his soul in the melody, and I was melted to tears. Something of the tragedy of his life dawned upon me as I drank in the plaintive tones. I saw in my mind's eye the home of squalor from whence he issued forth to barter his high gift in the pitiless mart of this world of a city for a few meager coins to assuage the pangs of hunger.

He played his melody and went his way, and the great serging sea of humanity closed in the space as if nothing had happened.

"Ah, little they think who delight in the strain
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

He is but one of legions of his kind that walk in weariness these crowded streets, and suffer and die unheeded, unknown. And yet are not they as precious in the eyes of God as the noble or the king. Where is the fundamental error in

these social systems, that entails on one class needless wealth which they spend in riotous living, and on the other poverty, squalor and degradation? Something must be radically wrong in this world of ours to produce such results in the so-called enlightened nations. If we go backward a few centuries in the history of England, we learn that the ferocious followers of the Norman King, William, claimed and received as the reward of their valor each a portion of the land as an inheritance. These Norman retainers became the land lords of England, and secured the perpetuity of the family name and landed estate by enacting laws of entail and primogeniture, which precluded all possibility of transfer except to the first son. Thus were the English people dispossessed of all the land of their fair island, and the quiescence of the multitude under fear of incurring the displeasure of nobles and king in a way acknowledged the claim of the invaders. Ages have rolled away. The old distinction between Norman and Saxon wore itself out in the strife of centuries, but the land-lords still held and do now hold the ground, and maintain their caste, with all the trumpery that appertains to nobility. Great tracts of land are unproductive, while hungry hordes tread their weary way, suffering for the very things that this land could produce. Once in a while the great dumb multitude has asserted

itself, and regained some few of the rights that God by nature endowed them with, but the process is a slow one and ages must yet pass away before the people awake from the dream of royalty and nobility and recognize that in themselves of right belongs the sovereign power.

Such is the system entailed on modern England, but in spite of all their handicaps these sturdy Britons have manifested great national vigor. They have been rovers of the sea and the sun never sets on their possessions, they have produced philosophers and poets of the first rank, they have developed industrial arts on a gigantic scale, they have established freedom of migration for strangers through all their possessions without passport or leave, and last but not least, they have established great hospitals for the care of their sick poor, where the greatest physicians and surgeons of the world do service absolutely free of charge. We have the greatest of admiration for these men. The amount of work they accomplish is marvelous. Our friend Mr. Openshaw of the London Hospital has more than eight thousand cripples directly and indirectly under his care, and each is receiving systematic and effectual treatment. This London Hospital treats a quarter of a million patients each year, and furnishes them medicine and surgical appliances absolutely free of charge. Societies are organized

to solicit funds, and women devote their lives to the quest of these unfortunate people to see that they do not neglect to carry out the directions of the doctor. Looked at from this standpoint, surely our medical profession is a high and holy calling. We are convinced that its votaries embrace some of the noblest and best of mankind. It is an inspiration to know these men and to feel of their broad humanitarian spirit. Times have been very hard the last few years in England. The people are still putting stamps on their checks and legal documents to help pay for the Boer war, and the stranger within their gate has to pay his quota when he makes use of legal instruments. The mine owners of south Africa worked up the sentiment for war, and plunged the nation into a conflict in which the people generally had no concern whatever. But they all come in for their share of paying the war debt, and suffering from the depression of trade that has not yet retrieved itself. Recent reports from the Transvaal show that the Boers have elected their own lieutenant governor, and a safe majority in the legislative body, so things will be much the same with them as they were before the war.

Of some of the places of literary note in London I have already written. The Parish Church of St. Marylebone is noted for the fact that it was within its sanctuary that the clandestine marriage

of the poet Browning to Elizabeth Barret was solemnized. It is a story full of romance. The parents on both sides were opposed, but paternal authority is thrown to the winds when passion asserts itself. Miss Barret, or Mrs. Browning, as she now was, went back to her home as if nothing had happened, and a week later, the contracting parties took their hasty departure for Italy. The "Sonnets from the Portuguese" tells the whole story of Mrs. Browning's devotion, and a life of domestic felicity, unalloyed, vindicated the wisdom of the match. Browning lays by the side of Tennyson in Westminster Abbey, while Mrs. Browning sleeps the last long sleep amidst the romantic scenes of Florence. Once only have we visited the old Abbey, but I must go at least one more time before embarking for the homeward trip. Surely this is holy ground where the dust of the great is mingled together. Time nor space does not separate such men. They are kindred of spirit though centuries of chaotic years intervened. There is not much in the dust of them more than the sentiment, and yet it seems eminently proper that they should be neighbors in the last long sleep, as they are no doubt friends in the realms of eternal consciousness. There is a feeling of sanctity that broods over this solemn place, as if the shades of the great were projecting themselves again into this mun-

plane sphere. It may be only of psychology, and yet it is so pleasing that one delights to indulge the full emotion of supernatural emanation. Our visit was on a Sabbath day when the service was in progress and as the solemn music reverberated from the fine fluted columns we were carried into the land of dreams where all forms of pleasing phantasms indulged themselves. Not only England, but every nation should have such a burying place. It is a stimulus to the highest mental effort, and induces a love for the fatherland which nothing else can equal.

The modes of locomotion and street traffic in London are interesting. The old double decked horse bus is still much in evidence, but the new automobile bus is taking much of the trade and making competition sharp. These huge vehicles with crowds of people upstairs and downstairs, are a unique sight for American eyes. From the upper deck one gets a commanding view of the streets with all their multifarious traffic. The underground railroads reach most of the city points, and are much more comfortable since the propelling power is changed from steam to electricity. But the latest thing is what is called the tube. You descend with elevators a hundred feet into the earth, and alight in a beautiful station, all lighted by electricity. You see a long tunnel on either side all built with beautiful mas-

onry, and as you watch, a train of electric cars comes dashing in with the speed of lightning. You get aboard, and away you go through the earth at a speed that takes your breath. A few moments only is necessary to take you to the remotest part of the city, where you are elevated again to the street with all the dispatch of our American methods. The company, we are informed, is an American company, and that, no doubt, accounts for their way of doing things.

English people say the great curse of their country is intemperance, and we can easily recognize that it is a fact. Women as well as men drink, and the little child of drinking parents is carried by the mother to the public house long before it can walk. On Sunday you see people lined up half way round a block, waiting their turn to get into the public house after church service is over. It is a law in England that these places must close during the time on Sunday the church is in session. A few days ago we were going out toward east London, and a number of men who were in our compartment of the car were all smoking. I ventured the question to them why it was that in England every man is a smoker. The answer, in which they all concurred, was that it was impossible for them to get along without tobacco. This naturally led up to the question of drink, and one of the men made the assertion

that he had already that day taken forty half pints of beer, and he expected to take ten more before the day was ended. The boast of their life seemed to be the amount they could eat and drink. One man had eaten for a wager three pounds of sausage and a loaf of bread, and drank two quarts of beer at the one sitting. I fear the hard times of the poor are much augmented by their methods of intemperance. The reason they have no prohibition laws is because their House of Commons has so many members who are interested directly and indirectly in the brewing business that measures of restriction would affect the pecuniary interests of the great majority.

In the warm days in the slum districts one sees grotesque sights. An organ-grinder comes along with his instrument and strikes up one of the familiar airs, and you see old crones and greasy young maidens usher forth like rats from their burrows and all join in a dance on the sidewalk. Of course these latter observations are of the lower classes. The middle class of English are a fine people, rather retiring by disposition, but warm in their friendship when you get into their good graces. The English language from the lips of these educated people is musical, and our American English seems like a dialect.

But a few days more and I shall be buffeting the equinoxial seas on the homeward trip. Need-

less to say it will be a great pleasure to meet kindred and friends and renew for a time old associations.

Wales.

March 10.

We arrived in Cardiff, Wales, after a ride of three hours through a most beautiful rural country. The kiss of spring is clothing the earth in her loveliest robes while the air is glad with the early warblings of the birds.

We passed under the Severn River in a tunnel over four miles long—in fact, the longest tunnel in England.

Cardiff is a most charming city of about 180,000 inhabitants: it is clean, orderly, and seems to have all the modern improvements. We noted a very large number of neat brick houses having lawns, flowers and trees in small, but well-kept yards. On the stores and houses I saw all the Welsh names I had ever known, and among the brisk and energetic people on the streets I saw a picture of every welshman I had ever seen. The Welsh are a very remarkable people. They number about four millions and have produced some of the best and most gifted people in this world.

From our medical friends in America we had cards of introduction to Dr. Lynn Thomas, who took us to the Seaman's Hospital and to the Infirmary Hospital, which has 200 beds, in charge

of intelligent and well-trained Welsh nurses. Dr. Thomas is one of the best surgeons in the world. As a man he is most charming, his polished manners are so much a part of the man himself that



Harper Fold, the Home of Dr. Allen's Father. Built in 1674.

you do not notice them while his warm heart makes itself felt to all who come near him.

Just out of Cardiff we visited Llandaff Castle, now in ruins, also the large Cathedral of the same

name. Both date back nine hundred years. We made a trip up the Taff Valley about ten miles to visit the famous old Caerphilly Castle, the largest one of its kind in the British Isles. It is one of the most interesting old ruins I ever saw. It is a huge pile of stone buildings dating back to the year 1050 A. D., and covers 30 acres of ground. A beautiful stream, the Nant-y-Gledyr brook, runs through the castle grounds. This brook in the olden days was dammed up and made to run around the castle in two great canals or moats, an outer and an inner moat. To get into the castle you had to cross the outer moat over a draw-bridge, then you arrived at the outer wall, built of stone about ten feet thick and fifty feet high. The main gate is called the outer keep, through which you pass after two great iron doors have been raised. Such a door is called a portcullis. You now arrive at the inner moat, which could not be crossed in the olden times until an immense bridge was let down for you. This crossed you come to the inner keep or gate, kept closed by a strong portcullis. You pass through this gate and arrive at the castle proper, also guarded by strong iron doors. It will give you some idea of the size of the place when you know that the dining hall will seat 350 guests. One of the stables has room for 600 horses. This castle was fashioned after the castles which the Crusaders

found in Jerusalem when they went to fight the Saracens. Well provisioned it could withstand a siege for months. No weapon known in those days could penetrate walls 12 or 15 feet thick. The Welsh were continually at war with the Norman invaders and the old fortress was taken and retaken repeatedly. No pen has preserved for us the many deeds of bloodshed and bravery enacted here. A few touching love stories and hair-raising ghost stories are preserved in the folk lore, and are told around Welsh firesides in the long winter evenings. One of its four immense towers was partly blown down by an explosion, and half of it stands there leaning at an angle of one foot in twelve. In his "Idylls of the Kings" Tennyson says of this wonderful old place:

"All was ruinous.

Here stood a shattered archway plumed with fern
And here had fallen a great part of a tower,
Whole like a crag that tumbles from a cliff,
And like a crag with gay wilding flowers."

I did not see any of the "goblins" nor the "green lady," nor the ghost of Senghennyd, who are said to wander about these weird ruins on dark nights, although we lingered till after nightfall on this enchanted spot.

The run up to Liverpool is through a most charming part of England, Herefordshire and

Cheshire, where you see many small herds of fine cattle and sheep. Dr. Middleton sailed on the 14th, and I am sure he had a rough voyage, for the destructive storm of the 16th and 17th would strike them about 590 miles out at sea.

I hastened from Liverpool after spending three days with some of the noted surgeons in their splendid hospitals. Went direct to Radcliffe, where my father was born. Spent a most interesting half day at the farm where father was born and where the Allen family lived over two centuries ago.

The winds and storms of 233 years have left deep scars on the walls of stone and brick, but the old house is in a very good state of preservation. I got some good kodak pictures of it, which our people at home will prize very highly. Father bid goodbye to this old place 54 years ago, and as he is now in his 78th year he is very anxious to see the pictures which I promised to send him. The farm contains 69 acres and commands a beautiful view of the Irwill River, and the wooded bluffs and villages along its banks. The present owner very kindly showed me over the old place. I went upstairs on a funny winding old stairway in the corner by a still funnier wide, gaping fireplace.

The little bed rooms get light from small windows made of small glass lights set in a stone

casing as there was no wood window sash as we have today. I lingered long about the old place known so well about here as "Harper Fold." It was Sunday morning, the grass was green, the sun was bright and my mind was full of pleasant thoughts and fond memories. A larke rose high in the air and sang her sweetest song. It was a love song and as its tender notes filled the morning air the pages of my memory opened up and showed me everything father had ever told me of his boyhood days on the old farm.

Mr. Gilbert, the present occupant of the place, is a very prosperous farmer. He has almost filled one of the rooms with African relics sent him by his two sons who are managing large farms in Nigeria, on the west coast of Africa. The collection would make a good start for a museum, consisting of native wearing apparel, musical instruments, weapons of war, birds, snakes, alligator and crocodile skins,, witches' charms, pipes of peace and different sorts of stone and wooden images used in the rude worship of those simple children of the Niger's broad and fertile valleys. I found a few of father's relatives and they were very much pleased to see me and hear about father and the folks in America. Spent two very pleasant days here, arriving in London early yesterday morning in time for the work at the hospital.

March 30th, "Good Friday," took a day off and visited "Magna Charta" Island, near the field of Runnymede, where King John was compelled to sign the famous charter, in 1215, which contains the foundation stones of English liberty and of the American Constitution. Strange to say, not far from this historic spot we went to the old farm where William Penn was born, and also visited Stoke Pogis Church, where two of Penn's children are buried, and where Gray wrote his immortal "Elegy in a Country Church-yard."







